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LOOKING FORWARD

One of the greatest handicaps under which the opponents of prohibition labor at the present moment is the lack of an immediate, definite objective upon which to concentrate while the main campaign to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment goes forward. It is easy, let us say, for the ordinary man or woman to decide that prohibition, as a means of achieving temperance is a failure, and as an engine to abolish liquor entirely is a ghastly joke. It is also not difficult, perhaps, to bring one's reasonably dry friends regretfully to admit that the whole thing has been a mistake, a step in the wrong direction. But what then? While the great majority of Americans turn the question over in their minds, and weigh the advantages of modification or repeal against the present ugly system—while this is going forward, what is to be done?

The answer, it seems to us, is fairly obvious. Write to your Congressman, first. Ask your friends to write to your Congressman. Tell him of the change in your views upon this subject in the last ten years. Ask him to tell you frankly where he stands and what he thinks of a law under which one thousand American citizens are convicted every week because they do not feel that it is a crime to take a drink. Ask him how long he thinks that can continue without destroying the foundations of our society? Ask him if he realizes that twenty years more of prohibition means branding as felons one million Americans who otherwise are loyal citizens? Facing this ghastly future, when will he cease to vote dry, and come out against the Volstead Act?

Once this is done, prepare now for the next Congressional election. Make yourself acquainted with the political leaders in your town. Republican, Democrat? Forget it. The need is to support the faithful band of wet Congressmen and Senators in Washington—and add to their number. Congress can repeal the Volstead Act the day the wets constitute a majority.

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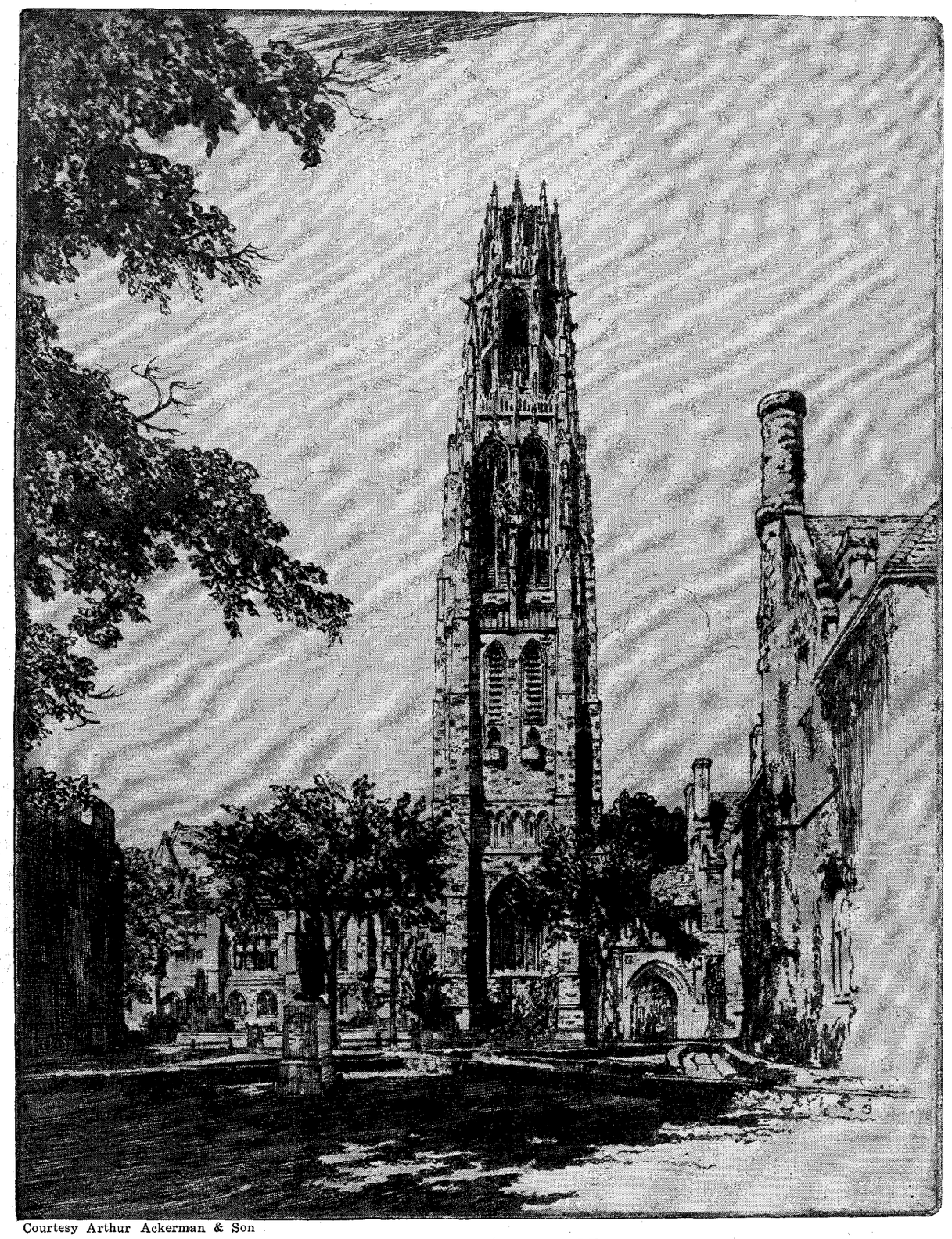

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HARKNESS TOWER, YALE
An etching by Owen Selwyn

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

April 23, 1930

Literary Promoter

A Portrait of William Lyon Phelps

By JOHN BAKELESS

No one will question the right of the subject of this portrait to be included in our gallery of contemporary moulders of opinion. He is a man of many interests—professor, lecturer, and "colyumist"—but he is most celebrated as America's book endorser extraordinary. And when he speaks well of a book, as he so often does, that book sells. Mr. Bakeless is a former editor of "The Forum"

THERE IS an ill-founded legend that the first words of the infant William Lyon Phelps—spoken at the age of one as he pushed the nipple from his boneless gums in the city of New Haven in the year of grace 1866—were:

"Excellent! The novel of the century! Quote me to the limit!"

The legend may or may not be true—as a matter of fact, I know it isn't, for I invented it myself—but it is worth recounting none the less, as a convenient key to the career of the man whose lightest word sells more books throughout the length and breadth of North America than all the wiles of all the salesmen and all the publishers' publicity agents between Garden City and the Mississippi—nay, at least as far as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

William Lyon Phelps is a Yale man—by birth and education, as well as by trade. He was born in New Haven, he attended the West Middle Grammar School at Hartford, not many miles away, he was graduated from Yale in 1887, he emerged as a full-fledged Yale Ph.D. in 1891, and in 1892 he began the long, slow rise from his humble instructorship on the Yale faculty, via assistant professorhood to the Lampson chair of English Literature, which he attained in 1901. In 1895 he introduced the first college course in the modern novel—the results being an increase in the number of novelists until they now constitute almost the entire population of North America, and a poem in *Punch,* ridiculing the very idea.

In addition to all this, he has since become Public Orator of Yale University, President of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, President of the New Haven Little Theatre Guild—not to mention his membership (according to *Who's Who*) in societies ranging from the Ends of the Earth Club to the Anglo-Russian Literary Society.

If Robert Browning ever—through the ouija-board—writes a poem about his chief American apostle, he will not have to repeat his line: "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?" The American inventor of Robert Browning has sufficiently revealed his own life, tastes, joys, "thrills," and pet aversions in his own voluminous and highly personal writings. We see him plain enough. That is, we know he prefers cats to dogs, for he has defended his taste in a lengthy essay. We also know that he plays golf, detests three o'clock appointments, admires Schopenhauer above all philosophers (though "I am no pessimist myself"), has two dogs, three cats, and a parrot that speaks Portuguese; that he once discussed Sophocles with Mahaffy at 3 a. m.; that he used to sleep with a fur hat; that he last played chess in Hartford at the age of fourteen; that, being beaten, he "smashed the board, and never played again;" that mathematics "poisoned" his youth; that he has sufficient literary feeling to be afraid to turn out the light after reading Henry James' *Turn of the Screw;* that—with "a nice derangement of epitaphs"—one of his dogs "has been stroked by W. B. Yeats, patted by Hugh Walpole, petted by G. K. Chesterton, caressed by Joseph Conrad, and kissed by John Galsworthy." We learn also of unsuspected talents and equally unsuspected limitations in Professor Phelps himself. "I can pat my stomach and rub my head. I can waggle my ears without moving my eyebrows, but I cannot blow rings."

It is not, however, these varied talents, nor the distinction of the academic chair he holds, nor the renown of the great university in which he holds it that make his fame, nor yet the gratitude of the thirty-seven generations of Yale men who have learned about Browning from him.

No, William Lyon Phelps is known from coast to coast, not as a college professor, not as the editor of Marlowe and Chapman, not as the discoverer of the Russian novel, not even as the man who really wrote Browning's poetry, nor as the man who long years ago produced a very decent book about the *Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement.* As the preface to his reading-with-a-purpose pamphlet on *Twentieth Century American Novels* puts it, "the benefit of his discerning judgment has not been limited to privileged sons of Yale." He is known and revered in countless homes throughout

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the length and breadth and height and depth of this glorious and prosperous republic as the only critic more infallible than the book clubs, as one who thinks well of authors, as the charming lecturer, as the man who "humanized literature," as the Sainte-Beuve of the women's clubs.

But let there be no mistake about it. What William Lyon Phelps says, *goes* in "literary" America. It not only goes—it sells books. The dispatch of review copies for Professor Phelps' opinion is as mandatory in a New York publishing house as the dispatch of the legally requisite two copies to the Register of Copyright in Washington. More so, in fact. The Register of Copyright has to have a law to get his copies. The New Haven Sainte-Beuve needs no law. He is a law unto himself, and a law also to at least three-quarters of the people who read books in North America, not to mention his oracular services to the millions who hate reading books, but dearly love to talk about them.

Among such, his lightest word outweighs whole screeds by other men. It was he who planted the hot-house roses that bloomed around Mr. Arthur Stuart-Menteth Hutchinson's too-famous *If Winter Comes*. He can make a best-seller overnight, and one of his least rapturous utterances has sent a five-year forgotten novel into new editions. There are those who say that but for him *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* would have been unwept (save by Mr. Thornton Wilder), unhonored (by reviewers), and unsung (by everybody else)—not even parodied by John Riddell. This may not be quite true, but though the idea be madness, yet there's method in it.

History tells us that this notable study in Peruvian philosophy was first published in October of 1927. The metropolitan critics of New York, Chicago, Boston, and other centers of infallibility, spoke chaste words of praise. Professor Phelps first mentioned the book in the December *Scribners*, which was out about a month after the *Bridge* was published; but it was February of 1928 before he really began his cheers, roars, and shouts of approbation, and when he did, things began to happen. In that number of *Scribners*, the monthly Phelpsian encyclical contained these words: "One hesitates to use the word genius, but there is something akin to that mysterious essence in the pages of this novel. It is my firm conviction that Thornton Wilder is a star of the first magnitude." The *Bridge* was already a best-seller, but now the Phelpsites rushed for it, and it sold and sold and sold. Brother Juniper was as favorably mentioned in the press as Calvin Coolidge.

Then there was the case of Mr. Warwick Deeping. Mr. Deeping has not always been known to fame. In 1922, he published a novel called *House of Adventure*. Unlike Mr. Wilder's engineering triumph in Peru, it fell upon a scambling and unquiet time, in which it found a respectable sale but not much more. Within a year or two, every one had forgotten it. But in this same momentous month of February, 1928, Professor Phelps casually mentioned Mr. Deeping's novel, also, among the pontifications of "As I Like It." That mere mention was responsible for two reprintings!

Go to a Phelps lecture, and you begin to see the source of all this critical authority. No wonder the lady intellectuals like him well enough to crowd the platform as well as the auditorium, and to sit upon the floor and perch upon the steps, if they have to. Here is none of the antic pose of the usual visiting celebrity. Instead, a deeply resonant and quiet voice which can fill any lecture hall and never leave the pitch of well-bred conversation. A strong, handsome, virile, and confident man, upon whom an air of complete authority sits well. The ladies look as if they had finished rearing their families and were now ready for culture. They get it. One by one, Professor Phelps spells out the names of a half a dozen new books. The pencils scratch as the ladies take them down. Then he discusses them. Then, while a few rush for the bookstall in the lobby, the others shower questions: "Kindly mention two or three books for a girl of sixteen." "What is a comedy?" "What is the German idea of *Kultur*?" "What do you think of James Joyce?" "Is *Strictly Dishonorable* an immoral play?" "Are there any pleasant Russian plays?"

Such is critical greatness in America; and like all forms of greatness in America, it is good for something. It is "one hundred per cent effective." It works. It is practical. It has a mission. It gets results. And it sells books. As much could scarcely be said of Aristotle, Coleridge, Sainte-Beuve, Saintsbury, Boileau, Eliot, and other inconsiderable fellows who have at various times been 'prenticed in the critic's trade.

The story of the decline and fall of William Lyon Phelps is fairly long, but not particularly sad. Nor did it commence very early. His beginnings—aside from the false and malignant legend which I myself fabricated for base purposes of my own—did not particularly differ from that of most young college men who decide to profess literature. Inevitably, he was a bookish boy. Inevitably, he wrote verses at a tender age. Inevitably, he became interested in the Elizabethan dramatists. Inevitably, he edited a couple of them. Equally inevitably, though very broad-mindedly, he gravitated from Yale to the Harvard Graduate School, where he was both student and instructor, and where he assisted Barrett Wendell in his famous daily theme course, reading 120 themes a day. He took degrees the same year from both Yale and Harvard—which requires real talent plus an adaptable nature—the Harvard A.M. and the Yale Ph.D. both having descended upon his head in 1891, only a few days apart. In that same year, he walked side by side with Oliver Wendell Holmes at the memorial service to James Russell Lowell. They must have made a curious pair—the venerable Holmes, who was then eighty-two and had been a national literary figure for a full generation, and the youngster still in the Graduate School, but destined to become book-sampler-in-chief to the American nation.

There followed in his academic career, the usual brief pause in which the young doctor prunes his dissertation, preparatory to publishing it as a book. That book burst upon an unmoved world in 1893 as *The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, a tome still mentioned with respect by scholars, who are wont to grow ribald and derisive over the later Phelpsian ventures into the dank morass of Slavic fiction, his experiments in the strenuous art of "colyum" conducting for *Scribners Magazine*, Biblical criticism, and such essays in heart-throb "philosophy" as his recent disquisitions on "Happiness," "Love," and "Memory." Green-eyed doctors, their spectacles verdantly glittering, have been known to say of Professor Phelps what he has himself said of American schools—that their achievements are "not primarily of a scholarly nature; their strength lies in other directions."

There is some reason to doubt whether all Professor Phelps' lucubra-

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tions have quite deserved the applause that the multitude has given them. "What an enthusiastic man Professor Phelps is," said the editor of the *Delineator* last January, after inviting him to "choose your own subjects and write about them with your fine courage and sympathy" every month. But in spite of a popular American idea, enthusiasm is not quite the same thing as criticism. Nor do his occasionally expressed aversions redeem him. There is, for example, the little matter of the south tower, the plain one, of Chartres Cathedral. In the eyes of generations, it has been one of the great achievements of Gothic architecture. Sturdily plain, ineffably beautiful, it has lifted up its spires—and the hearts of men as well—for centuries. The only heart it seems never to have lifted up in all that time, is the heart of the Lampson Professor of English Literature in Yale University, who has dared aver that

"To me, it is just a church steeple, matched a hundred times in Ohio and Indiana."

Naturally, however, such views do not alienate him from the simple hearts of the small-town congregations who meet under those very church steeples. And, if this were not enough to endear him to them forever, there are yet other dicta to grapple him to their souls with hooks of steel. Has he not asserted that "surely, our age, with all its sins, is nearer the Founder of Christianity than any other"—thus blithely disposing of twenty centuries, including the first and the thirteenth? Has he not gloried in admitting: "I am both a Rotarian and a church-member?" And has he not permitted himself certain worries over "our modern atheistic novelists?" And condemned James Joyce? And declared that "every young man needs the prayers of a good girl?"

He is a booster for literature, and as such he fits admirably into the contemporary mood of his countrymen, and especially of his countrywomen. As ProfessorPhelps himself says in his book on *The Advance of the English Novel* (which proves, incidentally, that the English novel has not advanced): "Toward the close of the nineteenth century, millions of people discovered the pleasure or the anaesthetic of books .... Most of them read for a mental change of air, for rest, relaxation, for refuge from sorrow, for relief from care, possibly to get to sleep o'nights—this vast army of readers demand, of course, something entertaining, something that can be guaranteed to divert the mind."

Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

He can make a best-seller over-night

That "something entertaining, something that can be guaranteed to divert the mind," Professor Phelps has himself undertaken to provide. No one has ever pretended that his stuff is dull. But, in spite of its immense facility and occasional cleverness, the stuff is bad criticism—so bad that it inclines one to his own view, that "some judges are better judges of almost anything than literature." To say that "Walt Whitman is nothing but a Sears-Roebuck catalogue with calliope accompaniment;" to assert that "we are living, as every one ought to know, in the greatest period of dramatic literature that the world has seen;" to affirm that no man could have written *If Winter Comes* "unless his lips had been touched with a live coal from the altar;" to describe the swing of the verse of Edgar A. Guest as "perfect"—these things do not come within the category of pardonable offenses. Professor Phelps has committed all of them.

He defends himself against the charge of indiscriminate endorsement (bearing in mind, perhaps, the fact that the statutes of Yale University forbid any officer to endorse anything at all) in these words: "I am frequently accused, much to my amusement, of saluting every new book with indiscriminate praise. . . . I have no wish to advertise rubbish by attacking it." There you have the complete theory of contemporary criticism: Praise, if possible; never attack anything, however shoddy. Assuredly Professor Phelps is not a critic of the kind that Hardy censured, no "sworn discourager of effort." His criticisms would never have driven young Keats to his death, but they might have coddled him into trying to produce a book a year. It is quite true, as Professor Phelps says, that "every young man needs the prayers of a good girl," but the time when he needs them most is when the Lampson Professor of English Literature is praising his first novel; for most beginning novelists need thwacks upon the cranium rather than pats upon the shoulder blade.

Second cause of his popularity—in addition to the optimism in which he

(Please Turn to Page 675)

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The New French Army

By LT. COL. CHARLES BUGNET

IMMEDIATELY after the War, in France, the desire for peace was over-mastering, but the memory of sufferings endured was too lively to permit the desire to continue to be dominant. This desire and the fear of invasion are not incompatible. These two sentiments—with the double necessity of conserving reconquered territories and reconstructing the ravaged sections of the country—create the state of mind which affects the solution of all the newly created problems. The need of security—that not only sums up the situation, but explains all its consequences. The new organization of the French Army is the clearest indication of this need of security.

What, then, is the problem?

To assure, with the minimum of means, the safety of the nation's territory.

What are these indispensable means?

"The late War conclusively showed that, to resist aggression victoriously, it was necessary that the national defense should be rooted in the depths of the country. The military system to be set up should therefore logically tend towards the thorough application of the principle of the *nation armée*."

But, on the other hand, economic exigencies have necessitated the reduction of the active service period. "This is a direct consequence of the Victory," declared General Debeney, who, as chief of the General Staff of the Army, had the heavy responsibility of organizing the new army of France. "After such a prolonged and severe a test," said he, "success demands relief for this generous people which consented to unheard of sacrifices for the cause! Fifteen hundred thousand dead, a million mutilated or invalided, ten departments devastated, millions upon millions poured into the struggle, the mental disturbance resulting from more than four years' suspension of normal living—how many years of effort are needed to restore such ravages as these!" Furthermore, as was repeatedly stated in the French Parliament, France had no intention to take up arms except as a last resort and after having exhausted all the resources of arbitration.

The new organization of the French Army, therefore, had for its object the safeguarding of territorial integrity; for its foundation respect for international treaties; and for means, an active service period reduced to the minimum. Victorious France could only lose a new war. And she desires none. In reorganizing her army, she is taking out an insurance policy against war, for she knows that—in the words of the German general, von Seekt—"the most powerful incentive to war is a defenseless neighbor."

The new organization of the French Army was discussed at length and finally settled upon by three laws that make up the fundamental statute of the new army: The law of March 28, 1923, determining the cadres and effectives of the army; the law of March 31, 1923, on recruiting; the law of July 13, 1927, on the general organization of the army.

The experience acquired in the World War must necessarily affect the recruiting laws. It has become apparent that this recruiting should be organized in such a way as not only to give troops and services to the country but to apply all the vital forces of the nation to the national defense. The experience drawn from the enormous consumption of munitions and material of all kinds, from the length of the War, from the need of the country to live and provision itself while it provides for the armies in the field—this experience demonstrates that not only the army but the entire nation must be thrown into the struggle. Henceforth the nation must be marshalled for its own defense from the front, which fights, back to the interior, which produces. Behind the lines, the factories, mines, agricultural sections, ports, the merchant marine and the colonies must all work together on the general task.

Now to sustain in wartime the economic life of the nation, it is indispensable to call upon even those men who formerly would not have had any military obligations. The law of 1923 therefore established the principle of permanent requisition of every citizen, of whatever age, except in the case of absolute physical incapacity. As to the annual contingent, it consists of 240,000 men, from which are to be subtracted 20,000 for auxiliary services and 40,000 assigned to the Navy, sent to North Africa or set apart as laborers and clerks for the artillery, engineers, medical corps and quartermaster corps. Thus, for the national forces, there remain 180,000 men.

The army applies to its resources in men the principle of a military service that is personal, national, obligatory and equal for all. The length of service covers a period of twenty years broken down as follows: Active service, one year; available for active service, three years; first reserve, sixteen years; second reserve, eight years. The men of the first reserve, together with those in active service and available, make up a total of twenty classes destined to keep up the combat formations. The men of the second reserve will be employed in the interior for the best interests of the national defense.

The law on the new organization of the army is based on three fundamental ideas. The purpose was to achieve: First, a work of peace: "Reducing the service period to one year is to affirm once more our confidence in the security that flows from the most recent international understandings;" second, a work of national defense: "The military organization of the country has for its essential object the safeguarding of the territorial integrity of the nation;" third, a work that is new: "It is necessary to bring about the general reorganization of the army according to modern conceptions of national defense, and at the same time to reduce the duration of and increase the intensive employment of the period of service with the colors."

In time of peace, the results are a new distribution of forces into three groups: Home territory forces composed, in principle, of French elements, permanently stationed in the home country; overseas forces, consisting of French and native elements, intended for the defense of French possessions and permanently stationed in those possessions; mobile forces, consisting of French and natives, intended as a reserve of permanent overseas forces and normally stationed in the home country and in North Africa. A secondary result is a newly organized territorial distribution of troops, on the principle of separating the command of troops (responsible for the instruction of the men and the administration of units) from territorial command (responsible for mobilization plans, recruiting and military preparation).

In time of war, the defense of the

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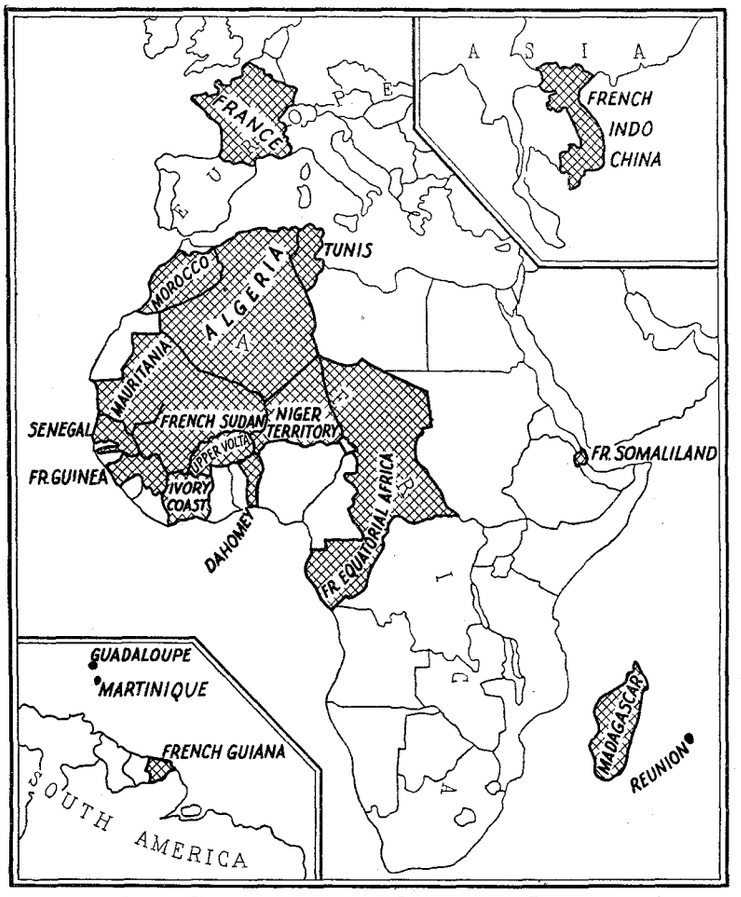
frontier is assured by a first *échelon* composed of twenty regular divisions, reinforced by the available forces of the first three reserve classes called to the colors by individual orders after a governmental decree preliminary to mobilization. (As these twenty divisions cannot be ready for battle for several days, an immediate first defense is assured by the regular troops permanently stationed and completely prepared and in readiness in the frontier regions.) Under the protection of this defense, a second *échelon* will be organized, composed of twenty reserve divisions, capable of battle a few days later.

Behind these forty divisions, the mobilization of other divisions will progress, until the reserve classes are exhausted and to the extent permitted by the supplies accumulated and the manufactured supplies put in production on the first day of the mobilization. The assembling of these divisions, made up of the older classes of reservists, will take longer and be more difficult. But the older the class the more time it will have to get ready for battle.

This mobilization of reservists—for which the *corps de troupe* was formerly responsible—became an unbearably heavy burden for them because of its importance and because of the necessity of intensive training. For this reason there were created 500 mobilization centers whose purpose is to place on a war footing the regular and the reserve formations. These centers must therefore take care of the inspection, paper work, and daily mobilization reports, make the allotment of personnel, supplies and animals, and must also store, handle and keep up the necessary quotas of material of these units.

To instruct, mobilize, and protect—these are the purposes of the peacetime army, from which is developed the army in time of war. There are two elements in the solution of such a problem: The resources furnished by the recruiting and the configuration of the land. The reduction of the period of active service unavoidably reduces the number of troops. Now the country's security, in peacetime, absolutely requires that—whatever the eventuality that is being faced—the mobilization can be effected at any time under the protection of a peacetime army which has available a minimum of forces already organized. In a country like France—where the birthrate does not warrant more than a contingent of about 240,000 men a year—no one would dream of putting into effect a one-year service law except on the condition of securing (by appropriate measures) the minimum number of effectives regarded as indispensable for the maintenance of the peacetime army. That is the reason why the application of the new laws was delayed until such time as the indispensable conditions of their proper functioning should be realized.

The first of these conditions was the recruiting of 106,000 professional soldiers, to provide the skeleton of the new army. As these conditions could not be realized before the year 1930, it will not be until 1931 that the new organization will be completely in effect. Moreover, as it was absolutely necessary to free the current class of recruits from everything except tactical or moral preparation for war, it was thought desirable to create a special personnel responsible for preparing the mobilization and maintaining order. The personnel consists of military agents and of platoons of mobile police. Fifteen thousand military agents are called to co-operate in the functioning of the general services of the army and especially in the preparation of the mobilization. Thirty thousand civilian employees are to replace the labor battalions in performing certain work assigned to the corps and services. The units of the mobile Republican Guard, composed exclusively of professional soldiers, to the number of 42,000, are to co-operate with the police in maintaining order in the interior of the country.



WHAT THE FRENCH ARMY HAS TO DEFEND
The area of France proper is a little over 200,000 square miles; the French colonial possessions total 4,000,000

In order that instruction may be given profitably and coherently in the companies, these are organized in such a way as to resemble as closely as possible the wartime regiment or similar unit. In peacetime the companies are of three sorts: instruction units, consisting of recruits and their instructors; manœuvre units, consisting of soldiers who have passed through the first phase of instruction; and, in exceptional cases, cadre units, consisting of professional soldiers only.

In principle, all troops or battalions in the same organization are assembled in the same garrison. The more the active service is reduced, the more important regimental life becomes. It is necessary that the man should remain with the same instruction cadres throughout his entire active service. In order that the instruction shall be all the more consistent, the men available for immediate service and those of the first reserve will continue to be attached to their peacetime units or to one of those that will be developed from

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it in the mobilization. It is in these units that they will complete their period of instruction.

"The regiment," said General Debeney, "is the cell, the sanctuary where, in time of peace, that comradeship is formed, prepared, and instructed, which is the creator of victory. Hands off the regiment—the educator of the moral forces of the army!"

But it is absolutely superficial to limit the instruction (no matter how advanced) of a class of recruits to the use of the arms with which each soldier is equipped. The object of the instruction is to accustom the soldier to live, act and fight as a member of a team, which is itself a part of a larger group. Furthermore, one of the most conclusively proved lessons of the War is the effectiveness of a combination of arms. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, aviators, achieve no durable results through independent action. Operating together they can accomplish anything. It is in the division that the various arms learn to co-operate in battle. Each division, therefore, is kept intact. Even in time of peace most of the camps are utilized for the instruction of a wartime division, which absorbs the reservists called to the colors for an instruction period. All the instruction takes place within the framework of the division, which accordingly continues to be the first large unit of all armies. As General Debeney has said: "The division is the school in which the union of the various arms is taught, it is the source of the first education in the moral forces of the army."

Short term enlistments necessitate intense instruction. Therefore, the military training will follow the old methods—which were put to the test and proved their value—but modified because of the more limited time, and calling for even greater effort on the part of all. Time becomes an essential factor and must not be wasted. Likewise the class called to the colors must be detached from everything that is not tactical or moral preparation for war. The present regulations admit of instruction methods adapted to the new military laws, and make it possible to turn out, at the end of four months, a recruit who is ready to be mobilized, and finally to give him, in a period six months shorter than heretofore, a type of instruction less extended perhaps, but more durable. The instruction of cadres, thanks to the organization of "platoons of reserved student officers," and "formation centers," makes it possible to produce excellent reserve officers and non-commissioned officers.

It is this necessity for instruction that has caused the mustering in each year of two portions of the annual contingent in order that there should be at all times at least half a class of recruits with the colors who have had some instruction. But along with the instruction of the forces of regulars, there is the instruction of reserves, which, in such a system, is of very special importance. Furthermore, the men available for service are required to take part in one period of training which lasts three weeks; the men of the first reserve receive two periods of training, the first lasting three weeks, and a second whose length is fixed each year by the fiscal law of that year. This period cannot be more than three weeks nor less than two. The calls to the colors are made by organized units. The soldiers of the second reserve can be compelled to take special training, the total length of which must not exceed seven days.

The army of the home country is distributed in twenty regions. Each of these is supplied with means of mobilization, instruction, supply, and industrial mobilization which permit of the raising, organizing, instructing, and supplying of a certain number of divisions. The wartime army will therefore come into being in fractions of twenty divisions each. The first fraction will include the instructed portion of the current class of recruits, and for this reason will be the most rapidly mobilized. The other fractions will go to make up the reserve divisions. The units thus formed will be assembled in time of war into larger units (army corps, armies, and eventually groups of armies). The command of these armies and groups of armies will be entrusted to members of the Superior War Council, designated in peacetime, and charged with the duty of preparing these larger units.

In the new organization of the army, the make up of the different arms has been greatly modified. The infantry has been notably diminished; from 558 battalions it has been reduced to 189 divided among 56 regiments and 21 chasseurs battalions, to which must be added 24 battalions of tanks. Likewise the cavalry, which consisted of 324 squadrons, now has but 100 distributed among 25 regiments of cuirassiers, dragoons, chasseurs and hussars, plus 18 motor machine guns squadrons and 5 battalions of light dragoons supplied with motor transport. The artillery has also been diminished, but to a lesser extent. Besides the batteries of field artillery and *artillerie à pied*, similar to those which were in existence before 1914, the artillery of this army has now heavy tractor batteries, heavy railroad batteries, light batteries and anti-aircraft batteries. The engineers consist of 109 companies instead of 116, but otherwise distributed. The Signal Corps and railroad formations have increased in importance. On the

(Please Turn to Page 677)

Underwood

LETTERS FROM HOME
French soldiers in the Ruhr receiving mail

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Parents and Prohibition

ANONYMOUS

MY EARLIEST recollections, mingled and confused as they are, and covering perhaps three years, disclose four episodes: falling out of an apple tree which I was "painting" with water and a rag tied to the end of a stick; going to an adjacent lot with my father to brush the flies off the family cow with a milk-weed stalk as my father milked; long Sunday morning services in the Congregational church where, ranged along with my two brothers, my mother and father, I slept away the sermon with my head nestled in a comfortable lap; and, lastly, the horror with which I once saw some Irish ditch-diggers drinking a foaming liquid from a tin pail during their noon-hour lunch.

Intoxicating liquors were, in my home, persistently and consistently taboo. My father, a school-man in a middle western city, never, so far as I remember, spoke to me about temperance; my mother each summer made gallons of root-beer to appease the thirst of three growing boys. None of my father's friends or associates kept liquor in their homes. For the twenty or so churches in the town there were easily two hundred saloons, the window fronts mysteriously curtained off by drapes which were somehow always just too high for a boy to catch a glimpse of what was going on in those fearful places. The only way a curious lad could view the interior was to wait patiently at the corner until some of the unregenerate pushed open the swinging doors, when he might catch a hasty glimpse of a mahogany bar, a brass rail, a saw dust floor, and a man in glorious white apron behind the bar.

The point I am wishing to make is simply this: saloons and drinking were —in those days of the nineties—definitely marked evils. A boy might surround them with mystery, might curiously wonder what strange symbolism was represented in the spring of each year by the long bearded goat which invariably appeared in lithographed colors on saloon fronts. But a saloon was a saloon; he knew it for what it was and might avoid it or patronize it with a dime and a tin-pail according to the convictions and habits of the father. As for me—I knew them as "dens" and "dives" and places of horror which any self-respecting boy must shun as he would the devil himself.

Then, later on, I went across the city to the high school. I soon learned to economize on my noon lunch—the twenty cents which was given me—by taking a glass of beer or two, plenty of free lunch, and spending a dime for a game of pool. In the summer time, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, I might even have some money of my own which I had earned and which could be spent across the city for pool and beer. I blush now to remember how after one such evening I kissed my mother good night only to have her reprimand me for smoking; she evidently did not recognize the odor of hops on my breath. But all that was done secretly. I was doing what all boys did and always will do—experimenting with "life." (Somehow youth in its teens is very much obsessed with that mysterious thing called "life"). And I knew intuitively that what I was doing was "wrong." I was going against all my training and flying in the face of all home tradition. And, as a result, I was saved anything more than a toying with experience.

I need not go further with this personal record. It is useless to tell of the experiences in five years of knocking around the world, part of the time as a fairly respectable young man and part of the time as one seeking "life." With most college boys I had been present at my share of keg-parties; later on in Vladivostock I had dived into icy waters in competition with others for bottles of champagne as prizes; I had tarried long each evening for three years over a club bar in an oriental city before going to my bachelor home for a nine o'clock dinner with its wines and its scotch and soda and liqueurs. I had become fairly expert in mixing a variety of drinks. Saké, votka, mingle in my recollections with the wines of Italy and France.

"If I have a family," I had told myself as a result of this youth and young manhood, "I shall keep a wine-cellar in my home, teach my children the proper and dignified use of intoxicants at a decent age, and prevent them from passing through the misconceptions and hypocrisy of my own childhood."

And, after the War, I settled down to sober citizenship and the responsibilities of parenthood. But in a Volsteadian world! The old saloon had disappeared—that at least was matter for satisfaction. My own Robert would never pass through the same phase of dawdling with liquor which his father knew. But with the saloon, alas, went the privilege of instruction in my own home which I had vowed should be a part of the education of my children. *And for it was substituted, not the old corner saloon, but almost ubiquitous drinking.* And for the beer and wines and pure whiskey which I had experimented with as a lad is substituted rot-gut liquor made without any sort of supervision in hidden recesses of the land. For the beer I knew, my own Rob must wrestle with poisonous moonshine or mislabeled importations. For the corner saloon which my father abhorred and expected me to shun, I must be on constant watch against bootleg poison—not in segregated saloons plainly marked off and under police surveillance, but in every road-house which automobiles now make easy of access, at every dance which Rob may attend, at every base-ball or foot-ball game to which he may go as player or spectator, at every café and restaurant where he may take an evening meal. Security? There is no longer any chance of security for youth.

And what of my plans to educate Rob and his two sisters in their own home? Their father must connive underhandedly with a crook worse by far than the rosy-cheeked German saloon keeper, must buy his liquor surreptitiously, often under the cover of night, and what's worse, violate the law of the land before his son to give him the education which his own experience showed him was actually the most kind and the most effective. My own father, rightly or wrongly, showed me where he thought evil existed and urged me by example to avoid such places. And I? I must either send my son out to drink villainy or myself violate the law to teach him restraint. I submit that my father's task was simple compared with the Herculean struggle assigned to me.

As yet I have refused to violate the prohibition laws. I am one of those Quixotic citizens who have been led to believe that law is devised for the best interests of all and, as such, deserves respect. My own iniquities of youth, essential as they were to my education, have not left me depraved or dependent upon a nightly toddy. Personally, I am quite willing to dispense

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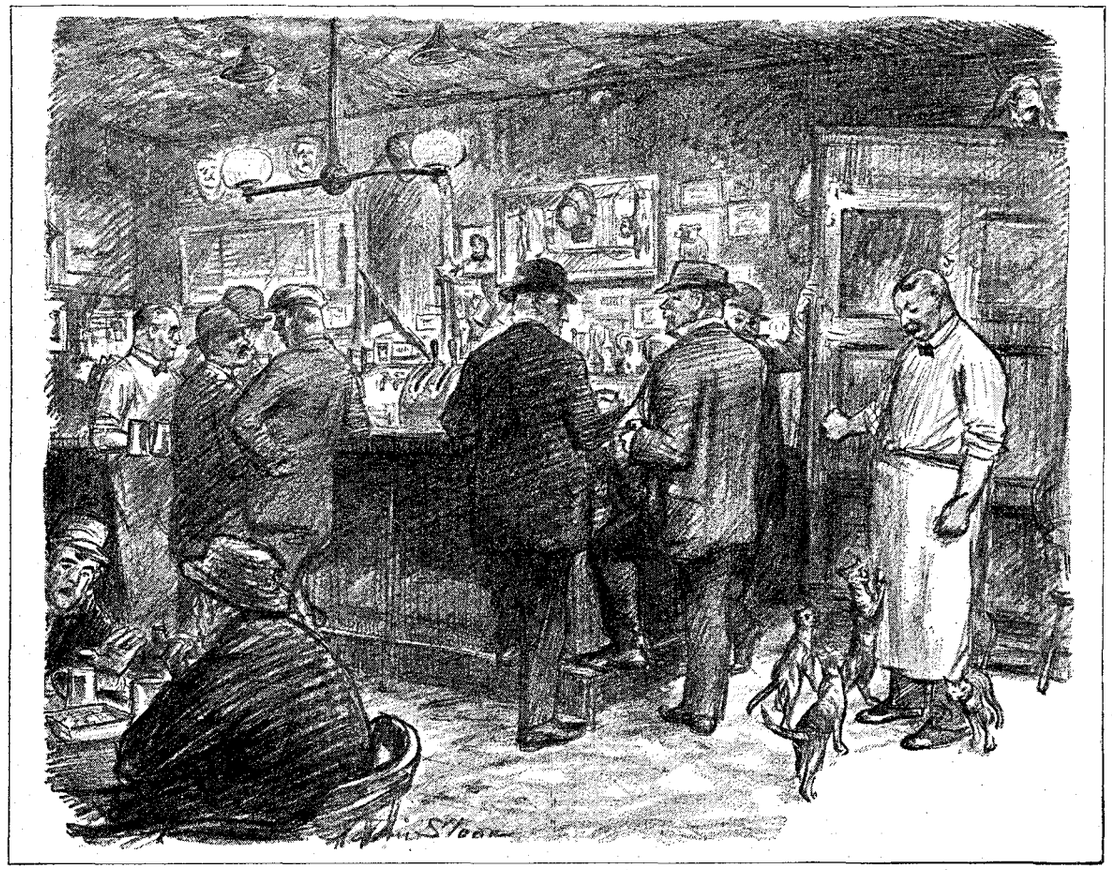

A MUG OF ALE AT McSORLEY'S
Drawing by John Sloan in Harper's Weekly for October 25, 1913

with my right to liquor if in any way it will help one less able to control himself. But now my own children cannot have either my experience or the saner one of home discipline which I had hoped to give them.

I know what the professional moralists will say. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it." But unfortunately youth is youth and always, praise God, will be youth. And worth while youth will always experiment with "life." I have not yet desired to teach my son that the moon is made of green cheese only to have him think of me as a doting old fool when he comes to manhood. I have not yet progressed to the point where I want him nurtured in hypocrisy and deceit. With the maturity of years, I choose to travel smooth roads, but I infinitely prefer that if there are bad places in the pavement they be marked with lights that I may avoid them, than that suave city governors leave off the warning lights and convince me that an essentially bad road is, really, in their minds the best of concrete. No. Evil exists and will always exist. One of the reasons nature gave parenthood was that the young might be nurtured in wisdom and restraint. And now Mr. Volstead, the Anti-Saloon League, and professional reformers tell me that for calm restraint at home I must substitute wildness abroad, unmarked by curtained saloon fronts, unsupervised by the restrictions of a license and municipal control. I resent it as an intrusion on my right as a parent. I resent it all as a danger a thousand-fold worse than that through which I was forced to pass by the inhibitions placed upon me by a kindly parent. Fatherhood rebels at a civilization which inculcates hypocrisy, violation of the law, and perpetually surrounds the child with social evils worse than anything which the father himself knew. And my quarrel with just this phase of American civilization is that it is no longer possible for a father to bring up his children in the way they should go. Volsteadism has invaded my home and taken from me this right. I may choose, yes; but my choice lies between breaking the law or shutting my eyes and letting my son think that he is fooling me. I must be even more prayerful, more trustingly pious than was my own father; I must hope that Rob will never get anything other than pure liquor! And that sort of faith, somehow, is not in me.

One of the worst aspects of our present situation, as parents, is that American children are to-day liquor-conscious. Let them go to a moving-picture, as all five of us did last night as an anniversary celebration, and they see and hear references to law violation. "Have you the ingredients?" asked last night's hero with a smirking smile. And every one but the six year old in our family knew immediately the suggestion and smiled too—not at the sorry humor so much as at the idea of breaking a law which is so generally disregarded. I know it may be a charge against the movies rather than against liquor to suggest that three of five pictures witnessed portray a drinking party, cabaret life, or dissipation in some palatial home. But I don't charge the movies with this any more than I charge the newspapers with encouraging drunkenness when each morning they list on the front page the various automobile accidents of the day before, accidents most frequently traceable to liquor. These things are actually a part of American life and both papers and movies are far too frequently only reflecting actual conditions.

It so happens that my residence and practice are in a college town of only a few thousand citizens. Yet we boast thirty thousand and more at our football games and lesser crowds for other athletic events. At our last Thanksgiving game it was a dull moment indeed when there were not four or five drunken fights going on simultaneously in the stands. Oh, I know we used to drink during my own college days, but we didn't carry the stuff into public places. After every big game ten or eleven o'clock at night would find roistering parties down town shouting and singing—much less frequently fighting. And

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I know that at our college dances no one considered it even half-way decent to take a girl to a dance with so much as the smell of liquor on one's breath—no matter what his attitude toward temperance might be at other times. And now the hip flask makes drinking not the exception but the rule and, fairly frequently, both the girl and the boy indulge. In this college community which I know best, this last Thanksgiving game was accompanied by incidents more unfortunate than drinking and fighting. Some shiftless bootleggers had imported a particularly vile lot of contraband liquor. Three physicians were, according to well founded report, kept up most of that night working stomach pumps to save blindness and, perhaps, even lives. Surely it is more than the garrulity of a forty-five year old father which makes him look back longingly at the old keg-parties of his generation as innocent pastimes compared to such as this!

I know that if I go very far in the way of specific example and the citing of cases, certain ostrich-like readers of this paper will discount all I say by calling me a collector of such items and dismiss me as prejudiced because of my attitude toward prohibition.

But what is a father, much less a son, to make of a recent episode in our community? A few months ago, the town court had before it the case of an old man caught for possession of liquor. He had, at the time of his arrest, a pint bottle of home-made corn in his possession. The officer testified, the court sentenced, and then the chief witness and the judge adjourned for luncheon and, according to report, consumed the confiscated liquor! It takes more brilliancy than I possess to explain that situation to a maturing son.

And right there comes in the moral evil of prohibition. In any community, large or small, every one, young and old, knows numerous reputable citizens who either patronize bootleggers or manufacture for themselves. I think Rob could—were I to question him—name a dozen families with whom we are friendly who regularly serve liquor in their homes. He could, as well, perhaps name some half dozen bootleggers who have either escaped punishment or been sentenced. And what are his conclusions? "If you have money enough or social position high enough," he might say—and logically—"the law is not for you." And as a father, so far looked up to as of some wisdom, I don't know how to prove to him that he is wrong. It is a strange moral turmoil in which this lad finds himself. Will some good prohibitionist please show me the way out? No palaver, you understand, no theorizing. I want something honest that will satisfy his sense of right without hypocrisy. Youth in its teens hasn't yet learned to compromise. Its sense of justice is still too keen.

In the face of all this what is the self-respecting parent to do? Liquor is all around, wherever our children go, and must we be smugly content to tell our children not to indulge. Must we say, "Naughty, naughty," when a boy knows well enough that other families equally as respectable and worthy openly take a different attitude? Must the parent rest content—knowing as he does youth's proneness to experiment with "life"—to point out that whiskey nowadays is often bad and simply urge a chemical analysis before each new lot is sampled? Must he tell the boy, when one man openly drives his car under the influence of liquor and goes unpunished, that the law makes distinctions? That a man's son is winked at when the father is in *Who's Who* and another man's son punished when his father has been in jail? Must the father, to fortify his son against the evils of unrestraint, himself actually break the law of the land and thus destroy the son's respect for what he is still young enough to think of as sacred? Must he reach over and cover the eyes of his son at that place in the movie where a wild drinking party is staged? Must he carefully read the morning paper first and blot out with black smears those accounts of murder and accident caused by drink? In such a predicament must the parent cry out: "Heaven help the children, a father can't"?

DRINKERS
An etching by George Renouard

The only solution I can see to such a topsy-turvy moral and legal code is to take one's family out of America for a few years during the period of the children's adolescence, take them to some European country both civilized and temperate where wines and liqueurs may be served with the family meal. Let them grow up in their impressionable years in an environment where normal reality exists, where at least this kind of hypocrisy is unknown. Then, perhaps, after a few years of sanity they may be allowed to return to the land of the free and the home of the brave to smile sadly at its foibles and to handle themselves sanely before its hypocrisies.

With Milton, "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat." Dust and heat I expect my children to contend against, but moral obliquity, hypocrisy, and downright falsehood I want them to meet as rarely as possible and only after they have formed habits for themselves and have learned to sally out and seek an adversary which does not wear brass knuckles and which fights in the open. Europe perhaps might give it to them so far as prohibition is concerned. Certainly America cannot.

But perhaps it is too late. Only this morning eight-year-old Betty came to me in my study and asked in horror-stricken tones: "Daddy, have you ever *seen* a man drinking whiskey?" Good God! I can't take the family to Europe this year. They must, therefore, be educated to it in the home. I'm going out to see if I can find an honest bootlegger.

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The Trend of Events

The Arms Conference

FAILURE ended the Franco-British hunt for a formula under which Britain, without materially adding to her commitments as a guarantor of European peace, would satisfy the French demands for increased security and thereby persuade France into naval reduction. While a formula of a sort was discovered, its terms were apparently too mild to induce France to lower her figures. Nor did it overcome another obstacle in the way of a five-power agreement, namely, Italy's insistent demand for parity with France. The search for a second formula under which America would agree to sign a consultative pact was therefore called off before it had started. There will be no political agreement save that for the regulation of submarines.

Mr. Hoover's enthusiasm over the results of the arms conference is not contagious. Italy and France do not enter the accord reached at London, or rather they enter it in no consequential degree. Thus the conference failed to realize one of its principal purposes, which was limitation of naval armaments among the five great sea powers. Limitation has, to be sure, been achieved among Britain, Japan, and the United States, though Britain may feel obliged to build more ships if more are built by France or Italy. To this extent, the dangers of competition in sea armaments, if not in land and air armaments, have been overcome.

The second great purpose of the London conference was the reduction of naval armaments, especially, of cruisers, submarines and other auxiliary ships, battleships were a mere incidental. As it turns out, France and Italy are not to reduce at all. Britain, Japan and the United States are to scrap some ships, mainly battleships, which are growing obsolete anyway, and to build others, so that by the time the treaty expires each probably will have a fighting fleet at least as efficient as the one it has today. Brilliant tricks can be done with disarmament figures, but, when the mathematical jousts are over, little reduction can be claimed for the conference at London. The total tonnage of the American fleet, for example, will be just about as large in 1936 as it is at present.

It will be, that is, if in the six years before the next conference the United States builds the ships allotted to it at London. To do so will cost it a sum which, variously stated as from half a billion to a billion dollars, may seem prohibitive to Congress. Hence the parity with Britain which the American delegates are bearing home triumphantly may prove to be more theoretical than real.

As a whole it may be said that the mountain labored at London and brought forth a mouse. A mouse is something, but nothing more than a mouse.

Underwood

ALONG CAME RUTH

Ruth Hanna McCormick wins Republican nomination for Senator in Illinois

Submarine Code

NO LITTLE SKEPTICISM has been expressed as to the value of the London conference's code of morals for submarines. On first glance this code may seem to humanize submarine warfare as effectively as any one could desire. It plainly says that unless a merchantman refuses to stop, or actively resists search, a submarine may not sink it without having first put the passengers and crew in a place of safety. A ship's boats are not regarded as a satisfactory place for passengers and crew unless their safety is assured by the proximity of land or the presence of another vessel.

But the committee which drew up the code declared that a merchant ship which at the moment of encountering a submarine is participating in hostilities loses its immunities. No one seems quite sure what "participating in hostilities" means. Does it mean a merchant ship serving as a troop transport? Does it mean one carrying munitions? Does it mean armed merchantmen, however they may be armed? How many merchantmen will humbly submit to annihilation without attempting to run away or to fight back?

It is not enough to reply that under the code of morals almost no merchantman not participating in hostilities could be sunk, since the submarine would have no place to put the passengers and crew. France, as a specialist in submarine warfare, would not agree. She expects to make effective use of submarines under this code, though she does not explain whether her submarine commanders, whenever they go gunning, intend to take along merchant ships as receptacles for passengers and crews, whether they intend to sink only those merchantmen caught just off shore, or only those caught in the vicinity of a second merchantman on which to place the passengers and crew of the first.

Yet the greatest weakness of the submarine code lies not in particular features but in its very nature. The code is simply another rule of war. Experience teaches that when the fighting grows desperate rules of war go up in smoke.

Mrs. McCormick Wins

WHEN RUTH HANNA MCCORMICK took a Republican senatorial nomination away from Charles S. Deneen, she won the most important victory ever credited to a woman in American politics. Doubtless the fact that she is the daughter of Mark Hanna and the widow of Senator Medill McCormick, whom Deneen defeated for the nomination six years ago, aided her cause with the voters. Nevertheless, she really seems to have won out largely on her own hook, using strictly masculine tactics. She bombarded her opponent with practiced aim; she took and held the aggressive from the start; she made formidable alliances; she rallied her well-organized followers with no little professional skill.

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Mrs. McCormick appears to believe—no doubt she has made herself believe—that American adherence to the World Court, which she opposes, was the dominant issue in the Republican primary. It is a laughable concept, blandly ignoring the average voter's vague conviction that the Root formula has something to do with chemistry. The principal issue in this campaign was not the World Court but Senator Deneen. Two years ago, Deneen's candidates, running unblushingly on a clean-up platform, administered a severe drubbing to the Crowe-Thompson Republican outfit in Chicago. In Mrs. McCormick's candidacy the City Hall boys saw and seized a tempting chance to get even. The election returns indicate how well they succeeded. More than three-quarters of Mrs. McCormick's plurality can be traced to Chicago and Cook County. Despite everything, therefore, Crowe and his chums are once more sitting pretty. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," says "Big Bill" Thompson with an old-time grin.

Yet save your sneers on the uplifting influence of women in politics, as demonstrated in this instance. Mark Hanna's daughter has never claimed to be an uplifter. She is what she wants to be—an able practical politician, and as such she works with the instruments at hand. If a lady using the muddy instruments at hand in Illinois has difficulty in keeping her skirts clean—what then? Who could have expected her to repudiate City Hall support which meant the difference between victory and defeat?

Prohibition did not figure in the McCormick-Deneen contest, since both candidates were endorsed by the Anti-Saloon League. It will figure largely, however, in the November election. While Illinois Republicans were nominating Mrs. McCormick, Illinois Democrats were nominating former-Senator James Hamilton Lewis. Mr. Lewis, a wet, will make prohibition the central issue of his campaign. It has yet to be proved that Illinois is Republican enough to vote for a dry Republican in preference to a wet Democrat.

▸▸*Other Winners*

ANOTHER WHO WON in the Illinois Republican primaries was Frank L. Smith, candidate for the nomination as Representative-at-large. You don't remember Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith is the gentleman who, in 1926, defeated the late Senator McKinley for the Republican senatorial nomination and subsequently won the election. Thereupon the Senate twice slammed the door in his face, holding that his lavish expenditure of funds, supplied by Samuel Insull, public utilities magnate of Chicago, had tainted his credentials. Two years ago Mr. Smith sought unsuccessfully to vindicate himself by resigning a seat he never sat in and running for renomination. But vindication, long awaited, comes at last. Now the House of Representatives has the delicate job of deciding whether to welcome a man whom the Senate has declared not fit to serve.

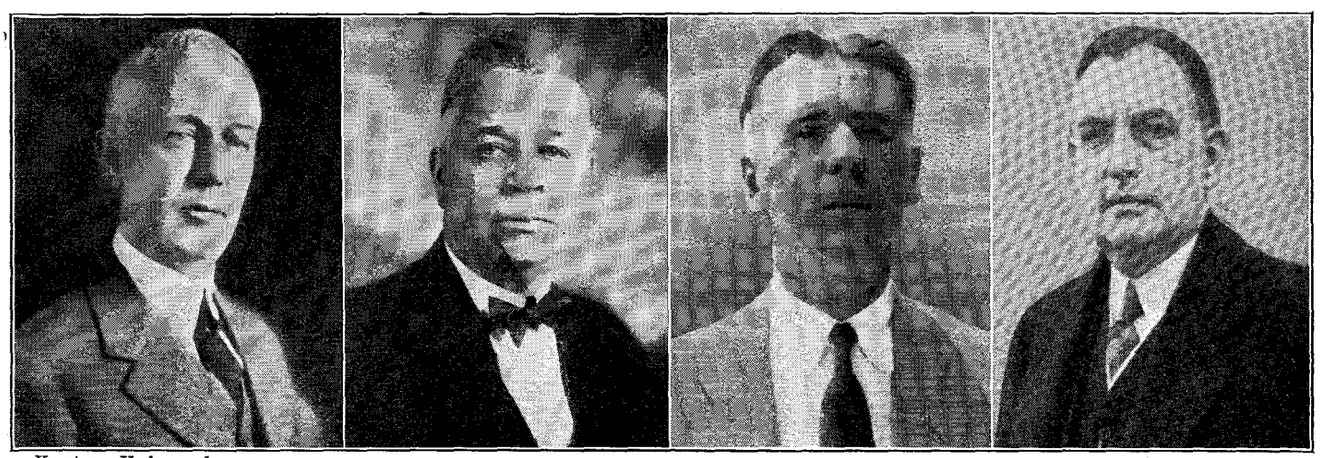
Likewise a winner was Oscar De Priest, Negro contractor, the only representative of his race in the House. While his utterances in that body have been neither numerous nor epochal, on the lecture platform he has considerably increased the Negro's political self-consciousness. Representing a district on the South Side of Chicago inhabited largely by Negroes, Mr. De Priest can probably go to Congress as often as he wants and name his successor when he retires.

Winning was not so easy for Representative Michaelson of Chicago. Surely you remember Mr. Michaelson, and how he never was so embarrassed in his life as when a trunk leaked liquor on his return from a trip to the West Indies. Moreover, how Mr. Michaelson's brother-in-law, a Mr. Gramm, explained that the liquor was his (Mr. Gramm's). And finally how the presiding judge, passing sentence on Mr. Gramm, declared: "I have no desire to punish him [Mr. Gramm] for the faults of the escaped Congressman, one of those who votes dry and drinks wet." Mr. Michaelson's plurality in the Republican primary was discouragingly small for one so faithful to the Anti-Saloon League.

Down in the southern part of the state, bone-dry Representative Denison won a Republican renomination with greater ease. Probably no one has forgotten that trunk in Mr. Denison's office which, Mr. Denison said, contained china, and, anyway, wasn't his, but which proved to contain whisky and gin. Possibly Mr. Denison's rural constituents felt too humane to vote against a Congressman just recovering from a terrible attack of trunk trouble.

▸▸*Merry Mount*

IT HAS BEEN more or less taken for granted that any all-American opera—native in locale and incident, as well as in libretto and music—would be the work of an avowedly modernistic composer and would deal with present-day American life in terms of jazz, the machine age, and assorted raucousness. America was thought to be too absorbed



Keystone, Underwood

ALSO RAN AND WON

Frank L. Smith, Oscar De Priest, M. A. Michaelson, and Edward E. Denison nominated as Congressmen in Illinois Republican primary

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with affirming its present to be inspired by its past.

Evidently this is not the case. The all-American opera, *Merry Mount*, has been accepted for production next year by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Dr. Howard H. Hanson and Richard I. Stokes, the composer and the librettist, have turned for their material to the early history of a small settlement founded in 1625 at what is now Quincy, Massachusetts. Though the details of the work have not been announced, a glance at the *Bradford History* (commonly miscalled the *Log of the Mayflower*) will suggest that an opera based on the jolly career of Thomas Morton and his settlement—christened Merry Mount "as if this joylity would have lasted ever"—will deal with Indians, Maypole dances, and pre-Revolutionary muskets, with neither skyscraper nor a saxophone in sight.

The story is first-rate operatic material. Morton, an English settler, instead of proceeding with his associates to Virginia, retained a number of their slaves with promises of freedom and conviviality, and remained in New England, where he became "lord of misrule, and maintained (as it were) a schoole of Athisme." He established a brisk trade with the Indians and scandalized Bradford by "quaffing & drinking both wine & strong waters in great excess" and even setting up a May-pole, "dancing aboute it many days togeather" and reviving "ye beasly practicses of ye madd Bacchinalians." When, by selling firearms to the Indians, he endangered the lives of honest settlers, a group of Pilgrim Fathers, Miles Standish among them, marched upon him. Morton "make fast his dors, armed his consorts" and received them "with scofes & scorns." Captured and shipped off to England, he soon returned to his Merry Mount, only to be arrested and deported again.

Surely this is legitimate and picturesque American material of the sort novelists, dramatists and composers should have unearthed long since. A score of other localities are as rich as Massachusetts in backgrounds, legends and unhackneyed heroes fairly crying to be placed behind the footlights or inside the covers of a book.

▶▶"Free Democrat"

If Edgar Howard keeps appearing in the Washington news dispatches, the country will soon become acquainted with a piquant figure. The Nebraska Representative has many virtues. He bursts into song on the floor of the House, denounces lobbying ex-Congressmen who "spit in the face of the goddess of justice," threatens to "look Bert Snell in the eye some day and tell him he has too damn much power," ranks with Will Rogers as a favorite after-dinner speaker, and violates parliamentary canons almost daily with the encouragement rather than the disapproval of his good friend, Speaker Longworth. It was Howard who, fresh from a social function at which politically dry members drank deep from a "little green bottle," once delivered an allegorical address describing a visit to a House of Dreams, where hypocrisy assumed the guise of good fellowship. Wet-drinking, dry-voting members fidgeted wretchedly, but Edgar did not name names.

Keystone

ONE KIND OF CORN

Edgar Howard exhibiting Yellow Dent ear grown near his home in Nebraska

A few weeks ago, Howard re-entered the headlines by refusing to attend a Jefferson celebration at Monticello, at which Simeon D. Fess, 110 per cent Republican Senator from Ohio, was to make the principal address. Howard, self-styled "free Democrat," stayed staunchly away, declaring that Fess "would not recognize a Jeffersonian principle if he should meet it in the middle of the road." A few days later, Fess, as referee of the National Press Club's spelling bee, ruled him out for spelling tranquillity with one l. Howard replied that, as originally written, "the highest earthly authority, the Constitution of the United States," spelled tranquillity as he did, and glowed to have scored against Fess twice within a week.

Formerly secretary to William Jennings Bryan, he apes all the well known Bryan mannerisms — the drawling speech, deep pauses, rounded periods, flowing locks, baggy trousers, frock coat. He lives quietly and philosophically in a small hotel on the rim of Capitol Hill. "Married at lawful age . . . and still married;" "started in religion as a Quaker but of late years in the Episcopal fold," says his capsule autobiography in the *Congressional Directory*. His hobbies are an apple orchard in Texas and a newspaper in Columbus, Nebraska. While he served as probate judge, state legislator and Lieutenant-Governor, the *Directory* states, "he held contemporaneously the higher office of editor of a country newspaper." Senator Norris insists that journalism lost a great man in Howard. The loss is not complete. He still sends caustic editorials back to Columbus. Since Tawm Heflin became a senator, Howard has been just about the only picturesque, old-school statesman in the lower house.

▶▶Disobedience in India

Civil disobedience began in India when Mahatma Gandhi made his dramatic, long-awaited gesture of violating the law. Wading into the sea at the Gulf of Cambay, he dipped up a jug full of water and brought it dripping to the shore. There it was heated and salt, now a symbol of Indian revolt, was manufactured in defiance of the government's monopoly. Throughout India Gandhi's followers responded by making salt themselves. Many of them were immediately clapped into jail, though Gandhi himself was not. The British authorities shrewdly declined to make him a martyr to the cause of Indian freedom. Probably they will not arrest him until they decide that he is more dangerous at liberty than he would be in custody.

The unity upon which the Nationalist drive for at least partial independence depends has not yet been achieved. Although many Indians are participating in Gandhi's campaign, many others are not. The Moslems have showed no great interest, nor have the Sikhs, who

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Springfield, Missouri

resent Gandhi's evasive reply to their request that their colors be included in the Indian flag. Even among Gandhi's own Hindus, there have been signs of a schism.

Worn by the strain of his long march to the Gulf of Cambay, and perhaps excited by the consequences of his ceremonial protest, Gandhi became a trifle less temperate in his appeals. In early utterances, calling for abstinence from liquor and a boycott on foreign cloth, he emphasized that resistance to the authorities must be passive. Later he exhorted his followers to prevent the confiscation of their salt even if "blood be spilled." Still later, he retracted this statement by explaining it away. Violence has, however, broken out in many quarters. It is difficult to down one's wonder whether Gandhi may not rouse forces beyond his power to control.

Meantime, in Delhi and London, representatives of the Empire have watched and waited for developments. Determined to maintain Britain's authority in India, they seem likewise determined that no act of theirs shall contribute to the success of the campaign. In Gandhi they face a wily, sincere, and persistent antagonist. In civil disobedience they face a protest, which, even if it is not endorsed by all Indians, may still have far-reaching consequences.

▸▸*Pussyfoot Corner*

L. E. Oplinger, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Eighth District of Indiana, explains his attitude on prohibition as follows:

"I am not so dry that I don't drink water, nor so wet as to reopen former saloons again."

▸▸*Ritchie of Maryland*

Governor Ritchie of Maryland is out for a fourth term, and the prophets say there'll be no stopping him. In the pre-Ritchie era, Free State Governors served one term and one only, but with four to his credit Governor Ritchie would halve the late Aram J. Pothier's eight term record in Rhode Island. His campaigns improve with repetition. In 1919 he was elected by a majority of 165 votes, in 1923 by a majority of 41,000, and in 1926 by a majority of 61,000, the largest politically-divided Maryland ever bestowed. Small wonder that State Senator McIntosh abandoned his candidacy for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination four days before the public learned that Ritchie would run again. Small wonder that incensed Republicans are scurrying about for a formidable nominee, a dry one, to battle the winning wet Ritchie.

Despite his widespread following among all classes, this bachelor patrician of Virginia and Maryland stock has never been a phrase-maker or a demagogue. His speeches appeal to the reason; he stands becomingly on a becoming record. It is something to have reduced the tax rate 30 per cent, revitamined the state's school system, and poured good roads from the Eastern Shore to the headquarters of the Potomac. Ritchie, moreover, is a man with

Underwood

HABITUAL WINNER

Albert Cabell Ritchie seeks third re-nomination for Governor of Maryland

a series of basic issues—state rights, the greatest possible freedom of the state from Federal interference; local rights, the greatest possible freedom of the city or town from state interference; individual rights, the greatest possible freedom of the individual from any kind of interference.

His principles and his practices coincide. Naturally, he is opposed to Federal prohibition, and under him Maryland has no dry enforcement act. As People's Counsel before the State Public Service Commission, he won cheaper gas and electricity rates for Baltimore two decades ago. As Governor, he refused to send troops to the coal mines at the request of President Harding.

Ten of his fifty-three years have been spent under the national spotlight. Democrats called him promising at the San Francisco national convention in 1920. Free Staters sang his praises at the Madison Square Garden fiasco of 1924. Four years later, he stood aside for the Smith parade in Houston. Many political wiseacres then declared that only Smith's election could keep the Democratic nomination from Ritchie in 1932. He is an Episcopalian, a Johns Hopkins graduate, and a southerner who talks that way. Just now he aspires to return to Annapolis, but round about Maryland one hears echoes of the rebel cry, "On to Washington."

▸▸*More Evidence*

It is a rare week in which evidences of the growing movement against prohibition are not to be found on every hand. One striking piece of evidence is reported in the New York *Herald Tribune,* which recently took a poll of other newspapers to determine how many had shifted from the wet to the dry side since 1919, and how many from the dry to the wet. There were 110 answers, fifty-five from wet newspapers, fifty-five from dry. It is stimulating to note that the change from a dry to a wet attitude has been seven times as great as the change from a wet to a dry attitude. Analysis of the replies reveals that the principal reason for the wet gain is the failure of enforcement, as well as the corruption of, and the crimes accruing from, the attempts at enforcement.

But is the prohibition experiment corrupt and ineffective only in cities? That was the implication of a recent letter to the *Herald Tribune* from an elderly gentleman in the middle western small town of Decatur, Indiana. The *Herald Tribune,* tired perhaps, of hearing the changes rung on this familiar contention, sent an observer to Decatur to see for himself. He dug up much interesting information, notably the fact that Federal agents recently seized within three miles of Decatur a still with a capacity of one thousand gallons of alky a day, operated by a special deputy sheriff named, incredibly, Mr. Death. His general conclusion is that, "man for man, Decatur begins to drink earlier, drinks harder, develops a greater capacity and carries its liquor more like a gentleman than New York."

A second striking indication of swelling anti-prohibition sentiment appeared when the lower house of the New York State Legislature registered its opposi-

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Keystone

FOE OF RASKOB
Senator Furnifold M. Simmons, candidate for re-election in North Carolina

tion to the 18th Amendment. Contrary, perhaps, to general belief, the New York Assembly has not been wet from the outset; it has been almost evenly divided between wets and drys. This year it voted 80 to 62 for a bill to memorialize Congress for a constitutional convention to repeal the 18th Amendment. The objection of one Senator prevented consideration of the measure in the wet upper house before the Legislature adjourned. But though the bill has failed in this session it is likely to pass in the next. It is plainly a sign of the times.

▶▶*Bone-Dry Gunners*

When Senator Robinson, Republican member of the Senate Lobby Committee, exposed the wet John J. Raskob to dry Democratic attack, two willing gunners popped up from North Carolina. Both Senator Furnifold McLendel Simmons and former Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels demand that Mr. Raskob resign as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Mr. Daniels is merely continuing his fight for prohibition. Senator Simmons is preparing for an election.

Mr. Daniels is so dry that, having opposed the nomination of Smith in 1928, he justified his subsequent support with the strange explanation that Smith couldn't change the dry laws and that, "anyway, Hoover's backers are wetter." It was he who flabbergasted the House Judiciary Committee by proposing that prohibition be given a hundred-year trial. Count that day lost when Mr. Daniels fails to scribble a dry editorial for the Raleigh *News & Observer,* of which he is owner and editor.

One of these editorials may have stimulated Senator Robinson to arouse dry Democrats against Mr. Raskob. On March 28, the Associated Press spread the word that Editor Daniels was demanding Mr. Raskob's resignation. On March 29, Senator Robinson announced his intention of calling Mr. Raskob before the lobby committee. Following Mr. Raskob's appearance, Mr. Daniels voluntarily came before the committee and endorsed his own editorial.

The gunfire from Senator Simmons likewise followed the testimony of Mr. Raskob. Regular Democrats in North Carolina hope to discard Simmons for leading the southern revolt against Smith and carrying North Carolina for Hoover. Simmons returned to the fold in 1929, but uncompromisingly proclaimed that Smith-Raskob control of the party must end. Now, opposed by Josiah W. Bailey, a Baptist, a dry, and, strangely, a Smith man, he faces a bitter fight for renomination. For some time he has kept his gun cocked, waiting for a chance to identify his candidacy with the feeling against Smith. Senator Robinson furnished the chance. Simmons pulled the trigger. Daniels, though neutral in the senatorial contest, also fired, and the battle is on. Should Senator Simmons win in the June primary, the fissure between northern and southern Democrats will be widened and the movement back toward party regularity in the South will be checked. Should he lose, the fissure will be partly closed and the movement will be speeded.

▶▶*Muscle Shoals*

Multitudes of irrelevancies befog the few essentials in the current discussion of Muscle Shoals. If there were any insistent public demand for Government operation of this power plant through a Government-controlled corporation—and there isn't—the case for the Norris measure, lately passed by the Senate, might be stronger. But what advocates of Government operation are trying to do, fundamentally, is to enable the public to run something it does not want to run. The average man who has any feeling about Muscle Shoals probably has a desire to be one of many to buy a few shares in any private company which may operate it. A form of public operation already exists in such widespread ownership of private utility securities. No other form is now generally favored.

What is generally favored, however, is strict Government regulation of public utility companies—an ideal difficult but not impossible to realize. It follows that any Muscle Shoals measure should establish such regulation, in part, perhaps, by a provision for recapture of the leased property by the Government if, from the public viewpoint, it is not satisfactorily operated. If the public interest is to be protected, the Government must also lease its power sites at a fair price. The fact that no private interest has offered what seems to the Government a fair price for Muscle Shoals may indicate that the Government's demands are too high. It may, but it probably doesn't. What it apparently means is that the property must lie idle until the Government can get a better bargain.

In any case, it is a feeble argument for public operation to say that private interests anxious to acquire Muscle Shoals have been lobbying for it. Any

Keystone

NORRIS OF NEBRASKA
Senator who sponsors bill providing for Government operation of Muscle Shoals

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one who wants anything of consequence from the Government lobbies for it; otherwise he wouldn't get it. Mr. Huston's unfortunate—unfortunate for Mr. Huston—connection with these interests is likewise beside the point. Such interesting side-considerations detract attention from the central issue, which is one of public versus private operation of a power plant. Intelligence and ability have gone into the Norris resolution, but basically it represents an attempt to put the Government in the power business, and as such it is out of harmony with public sentiment.

▶▶Inspectors Inspected

THIS WEEK'S QUESTIONNAIRE comes from the Commissioner of Customs at Washington. Word reached the Commissioner that the eyes of certain customs inspectors employed on the New York piers are sharper to detect discreetly proffered greenbacks than undeclared articles. That the crisp rustle of bills, to be exact, has been known to induce in some customs inspectors a condition of near-sightedness accompanied by a tendency to wink.

In a jiffy, the questionnaires were out. Some 2,000 persons whose baggage had been examined during the past year by the suspected inspectors were asked such questions as: "Was a gratuity of any kind requested by any customs officer for prompt service or for any other reason?" "Did you volunteer to or on the customs officer's solicitation give any gratuity?" "Did you notice any irregularity of any nature on the docks which should have been brought to the attention of the customs officers?" Moreover, inspectors have been furnished with a five-to-ten-minute questionnaire of their own, with which to open the rummage ritual with returning travellers as they struggle with the locks and buckles on their luggage. Such questions as: "Is this your signature on the declaration?" "Have you properly declared all the purchases made by you abroad?" And so on.

Amid such a bustle of wrong-righting, only a sour and confirmed kill-joy would point out that, with a little quiet detective work, the Customs Department might have apprehended and discharged the guilty inspectors and achieved the desired results, without questionnaires, without invitations for tale-bearing, without clogging the already over-clogged piers. But questionnaires are so much newer; they create so much more stir. Efficiency be hanged.

Besides, it would never do to clean up the customs inspection too thoroughly. The possibility of being able to smuggle in a thimbleful of perfume or a bit of real (probably spurious) lace is one of the greatest pleasures the average tourist has from his trip. Furthermore, bribing inspectors for quick service makes him feel like a great man. And don't forget that, somehow or other, "How I Got Through the Customs" is the only travel story to which his friends will listen with sincere and unflagging interest.

▶▶Unenviable Actors

IT IS CUSTOMARY to think of actors as enviable beings. The average layman visions them as relaxing all day re-reading favorable press notices, and spending a few hours each evening moving through a glamorous, silken world of make-believe with nothing to do but repeat a few easily-memorized lines, take bows and bouquets, and draw down handsome salaries. Such jobs, reflects John Smith, as he bends over his bookkeeping ledgers, or faces a real-estate slump, would be ideal jobs to have. All play and no work.

Possibly under some circumstances they would be ideal jobs to have. The trouble is, as Robert Littell points out in the New York *World*, there are not enough of them. As a general rule, there is no play and no work either. Estimating the number of weeks a hundred representative actors and actresses work during a year in New York City, Mr. Littell offers startling proof that among stagefolk unemployment represents not a crisis but a normal state of being. The list, which includes stars and supers, butlers and matinee idols, indicates that out of one hundred actors:

Thirteen played only one week or less than a week on Broadway. Thirty-five or one out of every three, played one month or less. Fifty-three, or just over half of them, played eight weeks or less. Seventy-seven, or three out of every four, played thirteen weeks or less. Eighty-nine, or practically nine out of every ten, played twenty weeks or less. Ninety-four played less than half the year and only two played the whole year through.

True, stage salaries are relatively large, ranging from $50 to $150 a week for smaller jobs and starting at $250 for leads. But even these sums, multiplied by actual weeks of work, do not present a very impressive or even an adequate year's income.

Chances are, John Smith, if he only knew it, is far better off than the average actor. So, as Mr. Littell points out, is the average strawberry picker or free lance coal shoveler.

Remarkable Remarks

I am greatly pleased with the final success of the naval arms conference. —HERBERT HOOVER.

A country without a navy is, to some, like a man without evening clothes.—LORD PONSONBY.

When I received a letter from a scholar who is eminent in two continents, praising my book, which he said he had placed beside his Bible, I knew that the effort and the sacrifice I had made were not entirely in vain.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Is there any doubt that millions of Americans in 1936 will want "four more years of Coolidge?"—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

I am glad that there are men in Congress big enough to drink and still vote for what is right.—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

I do not believe the Lord made fermented wine.—ELLA A. BOOLE.

I do not desire the spotlight.—RUDY VALLEE.

▶▶In Brief

IT IS NOT ENOUGH for friends of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment to point out that it is bitterly opposed by Senator Brookhart of Iowa. They should also point out that the association has many other virtues besides . . . . Army Planes "Bomb" San Francisco Port—newspaper headline. To be sure that must have been "exciting," but wasn't it also just a little bit "dangerous"? . . . . Although, really, it is nothing more than a waste of good ink to josh these descriptions of war games. Here, for example, is a later headline declaring in deadly seriousness: "London Air Defense 'Repels' Fifty 'Raiders'; 'Foe' Tries Two Weeks to Drop 'Deadly Gas'" . . . Compare the naval figures adopted at London with those discussed at Geneva in 1927 and the London arms conference will seem like a triumph. Compare a sore thumb with a sore arm and the former will seem like a benediction. . . . "It would be hard," declares Florenz Ziegfeld, "for any one to tell anything

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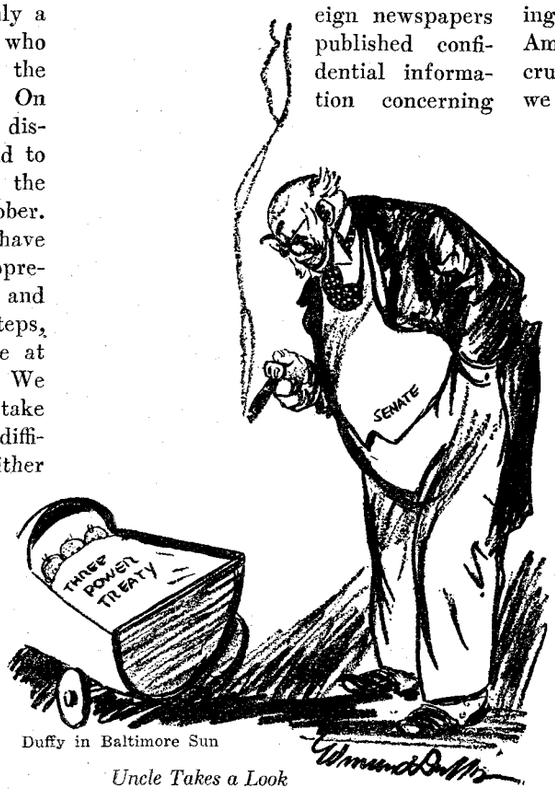
to those men out there [in Hollywood] who are making millions." And even harder for any one to make those men out there listen . . . Any one who knows anything about Republican propaganda knows that unemployment has passed its peak and that, anyway, it was largely due to delay in adopting the tariff bill. This makes it all the stranger that unemployment should pass its peak before the tariff bill had been passed by Congress.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HEAR that Senator David Aiken Reed of Pennsylvania is entitled to wear whatever garlands are to be hung on the American delegation to the London disarmament conference. We find few who think these laurels will burden him or his associates, despite President Hoover's panegyrics on the accomplishments of the parley. There is only a handful of Administration admirers who share Mr. Hoover's opinion that the agreement is an epoch-making one. On Capitol Hill we note a tendency to discount the White House paeans and to contrast the achievements with the superlative predictions of last October. There are a few, and we think they have a more correct perspective, who appreciate that the path to disarmament and peace must be traveled by halting steps, and therefore acclaim the outcome at London as a worth-while advance. We believe the public will eventually take this view, all the more so when the difficulties which beset the conferees, either through their own blunders or circumstances beyond their control, become known. We are sorry to say that the American delegation, and especially Secretary Stimson, its chief spokesman, made things quite difficult for themselves.

Strange as it may seem, we are informed that the senatorial members of our group—Reed and "Joe" Robinson of Arkansas—were really responsible for the parley's success. The former was entrusted with all negotiations with the Japanese representatives, and the Nippon statesmen, we hear, were inclined to drive a hard bargain. In Reed, however, they met a negotiator as obstinate and as patient and as cunning as any Oriental, and in consequence Japan was brought into the final pact as a signatory in good standing, thus preventing the treaty from assuming the appearance of an Anglo-American agreement directed against the world. Reed, with Robinson, also set his face sternly against the rigid censorship system laid down by Mr. Stimson, though with scant success. From start to finish, we learn, the Secretary of State insisted upon secrecy, thus creating an atmosphere of suspicion and misunderstanding which enabled certain British and French forces antagonistic to the parley's purpose to raise up obstacles to success. Day after day, we hear, foreign newspapers published confidential information concerning the negotiations which, when reprinted at home and abroad, tended to place our delegation in a bad light. Had Mr. Stimson been more frank with the press, and not adopted a definite policy of withholding legitimate news, we understand that several seemingly major crises might have been avoided. So set in his ideas was he, however, that not even the combined protests and persuasions of the two Senators could move him, and, except for one instance, they dared not violate his instructions. We hear that they refused to remain silent when the press carried stories to the effect that Mr. Stimson had argued for our right to construct a super-dreadnaught, and insisted upon spiking that rumor. Reed, to our mind, deserves a great deal of credit for his stand, since he has been a stout foe of public sessions of the Senate for consideration of nominations. Robinson has always been a friend of "the newspaper boys."



Duffy in Baltimore Sun

Uncle Takes a Look

We do not mean to be severe on Mr. Stimson, but inside information is that he fell down badly time and again, even though his task was the easiest assigned to any of our representatives, since he had to do with a sympathetic spirit in Ramsay MacDonald. The Secretary of State, we are informed, was quite beyond his depth, and frequently got panicky. He plunged the parley into its first difficulty, we hear, when, acting upon misinformation supplied by Ambassador Dawes, he made public our cruiser tonnage demands. Mr. Dawes, we learn, suspected that the prying correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, a big navy journal, had cabled our tonnage tables to his home office, and he urged Mr. Stimson to give them out in an effort to counteract a premature and possibly inaccurate report. As a matter of fact, the correspondent had not obtained the "secret papers," and a quiet inquiry rather than frantic but forced publicity would have disclosed the real situation. Trifling as this incident may sound, it had potentialities of trouble, for Mr. Stimson's figures came only a few days after the British had made public their cruiser program, and the coincidence made it appear that the other powers were being bludgeoned by an Anglo-American club.

Ambassador Dawes, as may be suspected from the foregoing, was a rather disturbing diplomat, and his disappearance from the scene was explained as due to "other business at the embassy." Ambassador Gibson, as technical advisor and one whose commutings to fruitless parleys at Geneva, had freshened him up on European diplomacy, was, we hear, a most useful representative. Dwight Morrow did his best but he had an impossible job with France. It was an excellent idea to assign the former partner of J. P. Morgan & Co. to deal with the French, but France does not need credit so much as she did a few years ago. Secretary Adams was also present. A. F. C.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

The Textile Baby

THE YEAR 1930 will see, on the basis of conservative estimates, about 160,000,000 pounds of rayon produced. This latest addition to the Textile family arrived just before the War, and for a while she gained only about a million pounds a year. But by 1926 she tipped the scales at 63,648,000, and now look at her!

Her advent upset the family to a certain extent. Brother Silk and Sister Cotton suffered most. The family income was dwindling, but nothing less than Grade A milk would do for the baby and that left the rest of the children on rather short rations. Even now they are none too well nourished but the baby is doing finely, thank you.

Thus far there has been no over-production of rayon. Demand for the new product has steadily broadened, here and in Europe. A survey covering 82% of the producing concerns in this country revealed the fact that 97% of the combined production had been sold. The product is being steadily improved and plans are being made to continue the correlation of production and sales which has thus far headed off any dangerous accumulation of inventories. Our rayon manufacturers and their research workers are in close touch with those of Europe, who have established a code covering conservative practices in manufacture and sound methods in selling. It looks as though the baby would turn out to be a real good girl.

Merging for Monopoly

APRIL DEVELOPMENTS in England must be a revelation to certain American oil companies and other enterprises which are doing their best to merge and finding, thus far, that their best is not quite good enough.

Baldwin's, Ltd., and Guest, Keen & Nettlefold's, Ltd., two of the largest English steel companies, have been combined as the British Iron and Steel Company, Ltd., with a capitalization equivalent to about $25,000,000.

An even larger combination has been formed in the electrical field, bringing together so many huge power plants and concerns manufacturing domestic appliances as virtually to end all competition and set up a monopoly in the industry. The new enterprise was engineered by the Associated Electrical Industries, Ltd., a $30,000,000 concern which was formed last year, largely through the activities of American interests, to merge four of the largest British electrical companies.

That England's approval of monopolistic mergers will have any immediate effect on the situation in this country is doubtful. Nevertheless, the oil and steel interests, which are now taking part in the obstacle race arranged for them by the government, are looking for encouragement from every possible source, and are likely to ask "If Britannia waives the rules, why shouldn't Uncle Sam?"

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) April 12—91.3. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) April 12—82.5.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended March 29—885,159 cars (increase of 9,617 over preceding week; reduction of 84,037 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended April 5—75% (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 21% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended April 5—daily average gross 2,530,450 barrels (increase of 16,250 over preceding week; reduction of 27,650 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended April 5—1,201,000 bushels (increase of 692,000 over preceding week; reduction of 242,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended April 10—$11,326,428,000 (reduction of 14.5% under preceding week and of 6.1% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended April 10—494 (reduction of 9 under preceding week; increase of 19 over same week of 1929).

Fewer and Better Workers

IN THE LIGHT of the increase in man-hour productivity, as revealed by Bureau of Labor Statistics surveys, the contention of the labor unions that unemployment is largely the result of automatic machinery seems to deserve at least the careful study of economists and business executives.

The Bureau takes the rate of production in 1914 as the base, and makes the index 100 for that year. In 1927 the boot and shoe industry showed a 24% increase of productivity over 1914; slaughtering and packing 26%; cane sugar refining 33%; paper and pulp manufacture 40%; leather tanning 41%; cement 54%; iron and steel 55%; flour milling 59%; petroleum refining 82%; automobile manufacture 178%; and rubber tire manufacture 292%.

These remarkable increases were not, of course, due entirely to machinery. Other factors, such as improved methods, time studies, pleasanter surroundings and working conditions, and a better morale among the workers, contributed to the result. But automatic machinery was probably the most important single influence, and the fact that machines are constantly replacing men in many industries is a commonplace of modern economics. Unemployment, say the labor leaders, is inevitable unless we adopt a new basis of wage and hours-of-labor calculation. If they are wrong, some one should quickly stand up and tell them why.

Founder and Builder

JOSEPH H. APPEL, in writing *The Business Biography of John Wanamaker* (Macmillan $5.00) has accomplished a labor of love with distinct credit to his subject and himself. So much of the narrative has been gleaned from Wanamaker's own writings that the book might almost be classified as an autobiography.

While the facts brought out by Mr. Appel are not at all sensational, some of them are entirely unexpected. For example, the exact date of John Wanamaker's birth is not known. It was either 1837 or 1838 but there are no family or church records, not even a family Bible, to fix the date. Wanamaker found his first job at fourteen as errand boy for Troutman & Hays, Philadelphia publishers, at $1.25 a week.

Thrift entered into the Wanamaker program from the start. Young John's first savings amounted to seven cents. As his pay increased, his savings mounted, and when his first real business opportunity came, the required nest-egg was waiting in the bank.

The development of the "Wanamaker business," now so well and widely known, is sketched with ability and affection by Mr. Appel. The sons, Thomas and Rodman, are appropriately given a share in the story, and the reader closes the book feeling that he has been given a satisfying chronicle of one of the great merchandising adventures of modern times.

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That Tunnel Again!

By T. R. YBARRA

ONCE, many years ago, George Washington wagged his finger warningly at his fellow-Americans and told them to beware of entangling alliances. Then he died. Since his death, times have changed and the United States has become a great world-power and those who want it to tie itself with European nations in solid alliance have become numerous and eloquent. But, with most Americans, Washington's advice has not lost its potency.

In England, there is no such deep-rooted fear of foreign liaison. The English have got themselves into alliances, ever since the early days of their history, of the sort which the average American would consider entangling. They have been allied with French against Germans in the World-War and with Germans against French in the Napoleonic wars; they have fought side by side with Russia against France in the days of Napoleon and with France against Russia in the Crimean War—to say nothing of having figured in other combinations proving the truth that politics makes strange bedfellows. Yet there is one form of alliance with the European Continent at which the average Englishman balks with the same violence as does the average American at the thought of the average foreign entanglement—the actual, physical link of union between England and the Continent which would be supplied by a tunnel underneath the English Channel.

The prejudice of the average Englishman against the Channel Tunnel is so deep-seated that it has kept that tunnel from being built, though it has been advocated through many years by many Englishmen, who have untiringly pointed out its economic, commercial and general advantages. Every pro-tunnel argument has met shipwreck against the rock of the average Englishman's reluctance to see England deprived of her insularity. It is as if he had been hypnotized—as so many Americans have been by the ghost of George Washington—by an admonitory John Bull, wagging a warning finger and growling: "Beware of entangling *tunnels*!"

The Channel Tunnel project bobbed up again the other day and ever since England has been seething with arguments pro and con. A lengthy and solemn report, presented by a committee appointed by the Baldwin government, went into the whole matter exhaustively and arrived at the conclusion that a tunnel should be built and that it might be made to pay. The committee examined all the other forms of communication that have been advocated for freight and passenger traffic across the English Channel, from English to French shores—including train ferries and bridges—and rejected them as inferior to the projected tunnel.

FIRST of all a "pilot tunnel" must be dug, said the members of Mr. Baldwin's committee which might possibly have no value except to serve as proof that the digging of another tunnel or tunnels—such as would be needed for the success of the project—would not be feasible. In view of the fact that the committee remarked that this "pilot tunnel" would cost the tidy sum of $28,000,000, many Britons promptly arrived at the conclusion that the money might be used more advantageously otherwise and they have been raising their voices in howls of protest ever since they read the report. The total cost of the tunnel scheme (should the "pilot tunnel" prove further construction practical)—would be in the vicinity of $125,000,000. That information also raised a rumpus in some quarters.

The committee was not unanimous in its endorsement of the project. One of its members, Lord Ebbisham, came out flat-footed against it. He objected forcibly to having England made an "adjunct of the Continent."

"Even if the tunnel could be built, maintained and operated by private enterprise," said the noble lord, "and could carry traffic at competitive rates, any resultant advantages are uncertain and, at the best, slight in extent, while, on the other hand, evidence submitted has shown that there would be a definite detriment to substantial portions of established industry, such, for instance, as shipping and agriculture."

But, however weighty the economic and other arguments of Lord Ebbisham and his fellow-foes of the Channel may prove, the probability is that the Channel Tunnel scheme, should it fail again, will fail principally because of the average Englishman's firmly-rooted objection to seeing England changed from an island into a part of the European mainland. For years, the friends of the tunnel have pointed out to him that the connection it will provide will be so tenuous as to be almost negligible; that it would be practically impossible for a foe on the European Continent to rush an army through the tunnel for the invasion of England; that, at the slightest hint of such a peril, a button, pressed by some official in the War Office at London, would blow the tunnel into little bits and make England as much an island as she ever was in her history; that the increase in the comfort of cross-Channel passengers and in the practical handling of freight would be such that entire unborn generations of travelers and shippers would, in years to come, bless the name of the tunnel's builders. No use! The average Englishman merely lets his mind's eye rest on the strip of sea between Dover and Calais and lets his thoughts hark back to the old saying that those "eighteen miles of blue water have made England." Pro-Channel champions heatedly tell him, as pro-entanglement Americans tell the average American, that times have changed, that the dove of peace is destined to rule the world in lieu of the dogs of war, that the Spirit of Locarno has brought such sweetness and light to Europe that the maintenance of England's insularity is less important than the elimination of seasickness among tourists crossing the Channel. In vain! The average Englishman remembers how Napoleon stood on the cliffs of France, with the cliffs of England within range of his eyes, praying for a favoring wind to enable him to ferry his army across to England. The average Englishman remembers that, had it not been for the destruction of Napoleon's fleet by Nelson at Trafalgar, the Corsican might indeed have availed himself of the favoring wind for which he prayed in order to have his troops convoyed across the Channel by his warships and used on English soil for the conquest of England.

In vain Englishmen imbued with the modern spirit of progress explain that airplanes and airships and submarines have already done away with the insularity of England. "Beware of that tunnel!" warns the nebulous but convincing figure of John Bull—embodiment of obstinate English conservatism.

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Toward a New Life

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By **JOHN COFFEY**

WHEN THE GUARD came with bread and water, I greeted him pleasantly and thanked him for the bread and water. He started to go out, turned and came back. "What did you say you wanted the doctor for?" he asked. I explained. "I'll see the Warden," he said.

The Warden came in the next morning. He began speaking in the tough-guy way he had adopted as best for dealing with tough-guys.

"So you're one of these guys that squawks when he gets a licking," he said. I denied having "squawked," and didn't understand what he meant. "Well, you had somebody squawk for you, and that's the same as doing it yourself." I remembered the woman on the dock who had screamed at the guards and threatened to report them. I told him about her and her threat, and said she must have done the squawking if any one had. He said nothing, and I went on to assure him I had no complaint to make about anything because I had been doing some thinking and had decided that everything that had ever been done to me had been a consequence of my own action, and that since making that decision, instead of having hard feelings toward any one, I had the opposite toward every one, and meant to continue so. The licking given me was a thing of the past, whether or not I had deserved it, and my only concern was doing the best I could toward every one in the present moment and for the future. If the woman on the dock had reported the guards I wanted the whole matter dropped and would refuse to say anything more about it.

He stood thinking for several moments, and then said: "I was going to have you indicted for breaking into that office on the dock where you tried to hide, but as long as you talk the way you do I'll drop that too. I'll be as decent as you are. If a fellow's tough with me I can be tough with him; but when he's a man I treat him like one. You wanted to see the doctor, didn't you?" He said he'd have the guard take me right up to the hospital.

The doctor ordered that I be kept in the hospital and put on a special diet, because I had lost thirty pounds in weight. Three days in bed, and eggnog twice a day, restored me sufficiently to leave and return to my cell. In about ten days I was ready to go to work. At my request the Warden gave me an outdoor job doing pick-and-shovel work with a gang cutting through a road across the Island. At first I had to take things easy because I lacked strength and the doctor had cautioned against too much exertion, but I gained in strength steadily and in about six weeks felt in better shape than I had for years. Some of the other prisoners began to protest that I was showing them up by doing too much work. I said I wanted to work hard because it made me feel good, but promised to watch the guard and work hardest when he wasn't looking and let up when he was looking. After a few weeks I was shifted from pick-and-shoveling to rock-drilling, which gave me plenty of opportunity for working hard with no chance of conflict.

The German drive on Paris reached its greatest force, and at the same time the sending of American soldiers to France came to its maximum. Daily river steamers passed down to embarkation points loaded with them. As they passed they waved and yelled to us and we waved and yelled back. My desire to be one of them, although it seemed I had no chance, came back with increased intensity. Many times, to relieve the feeling of frustration it produced, I took a twenty-pound sledge and broke into small pieces the hardest large rocks dislodged by the blasting. I asked for and received an interview with the Parole Commissioner, Mr. Lord, but he thought my record, and the fact that I was back as a parole violator, was too much of a bar to another parole. I consoled myself somewhat by realizing that at least I could do my best every day to make myself fit for an effective part in the new world coming after the War. My assurance that a new world would come received confirmation from the speeches President Wilson was making at this time, and from the way the whole of America had joined together in the service of victory, putting aside all individual purposes and desires which might conflict with it. They'd want to keep doing the same thing after the War, and Wilson and the other nations' leaders would need only to form and declare a common purpose that would interest every one in peace-time as much as victory did in war. Not to do so would be a hideous waste of opportunity, too hideous for Wilson and the others to allow it to happen.

My mood of wanting to keep doing as much as possible made Sundays, when there was no work, hard to endure. One Sunday, having heard that members of the Protestant Bible class engaged in discussion of things in the Bible, I went to hear the discussion and perhaps take part in it. The chaplain's assistant, who conducted the class, selected as the topic for discussion the story in the New Testament about the rich young man's coming to Jesus for advice, and Jesus' telling him to sell all he had and give it to the poor, and then saying to his disciples, after the rich young man had gone away sad, that it would be easier to get a camel through the eye of a needle than a rich man to give up his riches. The chaplain's assistant started the discussion with the comment that modern authorities of the Bible had decided that Jesus was accustomed to use the Oriental manner of exaggeration in speaking, and that it was unlikely that he meant literally the statement about the camel and the needle's eye. I was so surprised to hear him say such a thing that for a moment I couldn't think. Then I got permission to speak and said I disagreed with his interpretation of the passage. I pointed out that elsewhere in the New Testament Jesus expressly advised the disciples to make their speech as simple and direct as possible, and not to speak after the manner of the Scribes and Pharisees. It was quite unlikely, I said, that he would advise the disciples to act in one way, and act in the opposite way himself. What was more likely was that modern authorities on the Bible were interpreting it in a way that would keep it from hurting rich men's feelings, so they would more readily give money to the churches. Then I said: "For every rich man you'll get to do as Christ said I'll get two camels through the eye of a needle." He made no answer, and instead asked

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if others had opinions to offer. The next Sunday a guard stopped me at the door of the chapel and said I couldn't go in because I wasn't on the records as a Protestant.

The German advance continued. Increasing reports came of American troops in action. A greater number of steamer-loads of soldiers came down the river. The idea came to me of offering to confess all the past crimes I had committed for which I hadn't been arrested, and then asking permission to join the army for the duration of the War, and to be prosecuted afterward.

I SPENT DAYS trying to decide whether or not I should do it. The question came: What if they won't let me in the army but prosecute me? My crimes were so many that it would be easy to send me to jail for the rest of my life. Did I want to risk that? I decided that before taking any action I'd better think the thing over thoroughly.

Being undecided was painful, especially as there was nothing else for me to think about or decide. My conscience nagged against my fear; said I was neglecting a chance to advance myself in my new attitude.

Before I had come to a decision I sprained my ankle badly and was taken to the hospital and put to bed. There was nothing for me to do but lie and think. My conscience renewed its nagging. Didn't I really believe a new world would come after the War? If it should come would I be kept in jail if my attitude were as it should be? What if I were kept in jail—could that be a sufficient reason for not making and keeping my attitude the best possible? Circumstances could only affect the quantity of a person's action; the quality always and entirely was due to himself, to his attitude and intelligence. Wouldn't the new world come from better quality in people's action, rather than from greater quantity? If my action should be of the best quality, I'd be part of the new world, in jail or out. That was what Christ meant by saying "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

I wrote to the District Attorney of New York County saying I wanted to confess crimes I had committed for which I hadn't been prosecuted. Then I wrote to Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, telling of my intended confession and the reasons for it, and asking if he thought it would be a good thing to try to get other prisoners to do the same thing, either for the purpose of getting into the army or as a step away from criminal habits. I said I thought his advocacy of the step would have more effect upon prisoners than any one else's.

Days, and then weeks, went by without a reply from either the District Attorney or Mr. Osborne. I tried to think of other things I might do which would strengthen my new attitude, but there was no chance to do anything except to quit smoking, and I did that. Then one day while working a fellow in the drilling gang who had a very tough reputation yelled at me in a contemptuous, bullying way to bring him something. I had noticed him doing the same thing to others several times and because almost every one was afraid of his fighting ability his commands had been obeyed. I made no response to his yelling and went on working. After yelling several times he picked up a rock and threw it at me. It hit me on the ankle which had been sprained and which was still a little sore. I still made no response. He threw another rock which hit my leg. I went to him and said: "You think you can bulldoze me because you know you can lick me; you can't bulldoze me because I'm not afraid of you even though I know you can lick me." "Do you want to fight?" he asked. "Yes," I said.

We went off a little bit and started. I made the barest pretense of fighting, keeping my hands open and giving him only the lightest taps on the cheeks. He hit me hard and often, one of his punches splitting my lips. I kept smiling and tapping him lightly and asking if he couldn't hit harder. He knocked me down and I got up and went to him saying: "That was a good one; do it again." "Why don't you fight?" he asked. "Go ahead and fight," I said; "I just want to show you I'm not afraid of you even if you can lick me." He raised his hands again and then dropped them. "You win," he said; "I can't fight a guy like you." "That suits me," I said; "let's shake." We shook, and he took out his handkerchief to wipe the blood from his lips. Then he went for a cup of water to wash out my mouth. "I wish I hadn't cut you," he said. "Hell, it's worth it," I said. "We weren't friends before and now we are."

The Allies drove the Germans back and back, and on the morning of November 7 all the bells and horns and whistles everywhere sounded the end of the War, a few days prematurely. Every human nerve thrilled with joy; every face showed madness with it. I couldn't decide whether I should be more glad because the War had ended or because of the gladness I saw around me and which I knew was everywhere. "This gives a foretaste of the new world," I thought.

Now that the War had ended my main reason for making the confession had been removed. That didn't matter, I told myself; I had been fully ready to make it, which was a good thing in itself, which nothing could wipe out except my own decision and action. I'd keep myself ready to make it too; after I got out, if it should become necessary, I'd stop myself from stealing by confessing instead. Henceforward the quality of my action should come first, and everything else afterward.

My job was changed; I was assigned to the bakery. Being indoors all day instead of outdoors had quick and great effect upon my feeling. Unpleasant instead of pleasant pictures of the future came from my imagination. I began eating less, thinking a change of diet would restore my former feeling. It helped considerably. I decided to make the fullest use of my chances for exercising in the yard, so that I'd remain fit for laboring work.

IN THE AFTERNOON of the day after Thanksgiving an assistant to the District Attorney came in response to my note. He asked what my note meant. "Just what it said," I told him. He read the note over and asked if I still wanted to make a confession. "Yes," I said; "I haven't the reason for making it I had originally, but I'll make it anyhow."

A stenographer took down the confession. Occasionally the assistant District Attorney asked questions. As well and as much as I could I gave all relevant details of my many thefts. The time required for giving it left only a few minutes for the assistant District Attorney to catch the last boat back to Manhattan. He said he had wanted to hear my motive for confessing, but that he had to go immediately. I said I'd tell him in a letter.

In the letter, besides telling of the particular desire and circumstances leading to the confession, I said it was

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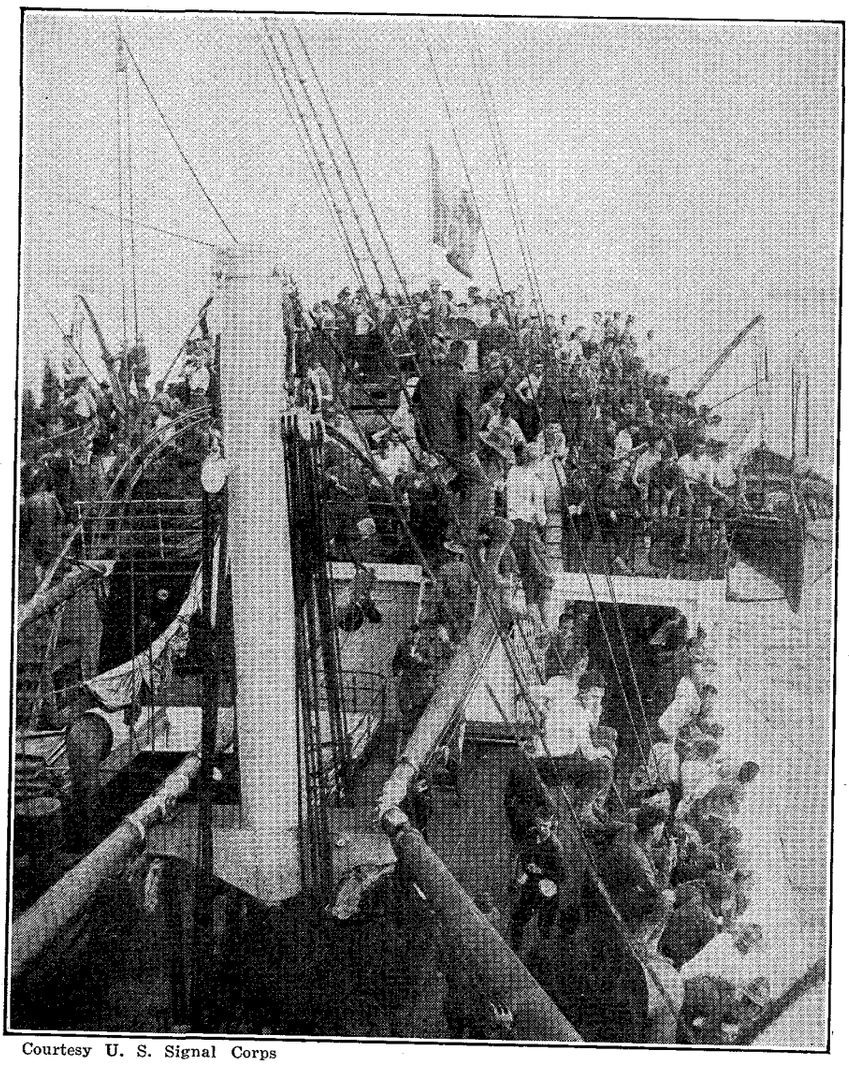
one of a series of acts prompted by a desire to follow a course of conduct opposite to crime, and in which I was trying "to realize in my conduct the law of personal perfection and happiness, as described in the teachings of Christ and exemplified in his conduct, and which consists of serving human welfare to the limit of one's ability and opportunity, for the least material return consistent with such maximum service."

After finishing and handing in the letter for mailing, I became extremely restless; I could sit or lie on my cot only a moment without getting up and walking back and forth. "What did I say? Serve human welfare to the limit of my ability and opportunity, for the least material return consistent with such maximum service? What does that mean actually? Does it mean anything except that I've got myself up a tree? Hell! It's too vague. I'll have to get something more definite. Well, I'll do it. I can't quit now just because I need to do some thinking."



Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

More restless walking, and standing at the door staring through the bars. "What does 'human welfare' mean? The greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number? That's vague, too. What causes the greatest possible happiness?" I walked back and forth repeating the question. Walked and walked; sat down and got up; lay down and got up; and walked. The answer eluded me. "Hell! If I don't answer it I'm stopped. I've got to answer it. There's no consolation in knowing no one else has answered it. I'll answer it or never do another thing."

Bed-time came and the lights went out. I took off my shoes and walked in my stockinged feet, in the dark. But no answer came and at last I grew too sleepy to continue thinking. "I'll start in fresh in the morning, the first thing," I promised myself.

In the morning I began again. Breakfast interrupted, but I was soon back in my cell with more than an hour to wait before being called for work. I tried putting the question in a changed form: "What would give me the greatest possible happiness?" The answer flashed: "Being like Christ." I jumped up from my cot and walked. "Why?" I questioned, determined to be hard-headed. The answer: "Because Christ was the finest possible kind of person." "All right, suppose he was. Is being the finest possible kind of person the only thing that gives the greatest possible happiness? Is it? What else can give it? What else?" I put the idea to a test. "Every one wants the greatest possible happiness. Does every one want to be the finest possible kind of person?" I had to smile at what I thought: "Crooks call themselves wise-guys; bullies think being able to lick everybody is the greatest thing in the world; rich peoples' noses point straight up; those who barely get along and never accomplish anything think 'no one is perfect' and 'I do the best I can and that's all a horse can do'."

"Yes," I decided; "every one wants to be the finest possible kind of person. Now what's the next question? How can a person become the finest kind of person?" The answer came but didn't seem very clear. "A person becomes the finest kind of person by doing his utmost —trying to the limit of his ability and opportunity — to produce the greatest possible number of the finest possible kind of persons." I tried to make this clearer to myself. The best I could do was: "That means getting the greatest possible number of healthy babies, bringing them up as healthy as possible, and giving each the best possible education." After thinking that over: "Well, that'll give everybody plenty to do of what every one likes best—lots of loving and brats all over the place to feed and teach. Billions of them." I was called to work and on the way thought: "I won't be able to help get the brats, but I can help feed and teach them."

The work I had to do was easy and mechanical, so I kept on thinking. For a while what I did was not thinking but dwelling upon the image of generation after generation, endlessly, united in making the next generation as numerous, healthy and finely capable as possible—the earth filled with mature, most finely capable individuals, strong and tender and lovely and lusty, each loving all and loved by all, and each and

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▶▶ Why Prices Keep Falling ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

DUN'S and Bradstreet's index numbers of wholesale prices, which are always the first to be published each month, show that the decline is still under way, although the rate of recession has slackened. The trend of commodity prices has been downward for ten years. There have been short intervals in this period during which the decline has been arrested and prices have turned upward, but the gains have soon been wiped out by the resumption of the downward swing. The most precipitous decline in this decade came, of course, in 1920-21, when the inflated war-time values were cut practically in half. After this sharp break there was a rebound which carried prices upward again during 1922 and the early months of 1923. The decline was resumed thereafter, and it has been gradual but persistent ever since.

This downward trend is a world-wide phenomenon. Obviously, it would have to be in order to continue for a decade; for prices in one country cannot remain indefinitely out of line with those in the rest of the world, unless that country rigorously shuts itself off from commercial intercourse with other nations. The price indices of England, France and Italy have been moving similarly to those of the United States, but somewhat more erratically, because they have been subjected to one influence—the transition from a paper to a gold-secured currency—from which this country has been exempt.

It is evident, then, that the major causes of this price movement must be operating in a very wide field. The change in prices is largely a symptom of other changes which are taking place in world economy. Fundamentally, it represents the progress of post-war reconstruction. We are moving away from war-time price levels as we move further and further away from the War. The War's ravages are being repaired. The liquid capital and the capital goods which were destroyed are being replaced. The demoralization of the forces of production has been overcome, and the supply of goods for consumption and for further production is increasing. Europe has been transformed from a region of deficit to one of surplus.

At the same time currency inflation has been checked, and the leading countries of the world have returned to the gold standard. This would tend to bring down the price level even in a country like the United States, which did not abandon the gold standard during the War. As the countries of Europe have returned to a hard-money basis they have needed gold as a reserve for their outstanding note circulation. Their demand for reserves would naturally enhance the value of gold in other countries, and as this value increases a unit of gold will buy more commodities and prices will fall.

Still another influence contributing to a decline in prices is the combination of changes in organization and technique which some people are beginning to call the new Industrial Revolution. This development is not confined to the United States. It is in evidence in France, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, and even in Soviet Russia. In Europe it is usually designated as the rationalization of industry. Scientific methods are being employed as never before for the purpose of bringing down costs, and goods have become plentiful and cheaper.

THE NET RESULT of this complex of factors has been a steady increase in the purchasing power of the dollar. What a dollar will buy today at wholesale would have cost $1.09 in 1926 and $1.67 in 1920. The purchasing power of the dollar is now approximately what it was in 1921, at the bottom of the big slump of that year. It also stands very near the level of late 1916, before the United States had entered the World War. It is still considerably below the pre-war average, however, and what the dollar will buy today could have been purchased in 1913 for something like seventy-six cents.

All this is of much importance to investors, industrialists, merchants, professional men, farmers, wage-earners, and in fact to everybody who is earning a living. The appreciation of the dollar will affect these groups in various ways. Those who are most certain to benefit are the recipients of fixed incomes from investments. Salaried folk, perhaps, come next. Their incomes are likely to be more stable than those of the wage-earners, but this group, too, will benefit if the price recessions do not result in wage-cuts or unemployment. By and large, the American wage-earner has profited from the decline in his cost of living in the last few years, in spite of the intermittent periods of slackened business activity, with part-time and unemployment, which in some lines of industry may have been associated with overproduction and low prices.

For those who obtain their income from the sale of goods the effect of falling prices may be quite different. The current prices of flour or of cotton goods, for example, are not governed by what their producers paid for wheat or cotton three months ago, but by the prices of these farm products in the world market today. The manufacturer, therefore, who buys his raw materials with prices at a given level may have to sell the finished goods on the basis of the lower level to which prices have dropped while these goods were in the process of manufacture, and thus take a loss.

The farmer and the merchant may find themselves in the same boat. Yet if the recessions are gradual they may be offset by economies in production and distribution, and prosperity will be maintained in spite of lower prices. That, in a broad way, is what has been taking place in this country in the last few years, and so the post-war decline has not led to such troubles as were caused by low prices in the nineties of the last century.

The continued downward trend of prices accords with the expectations of most economists. There are historical precedents for this movement. Every great war of modern times has been followed by a long period of falling prices. For approximately thirty years after the Napoleonic wars and for another thirty years after the American Civil War prices moved lower. We now find ourselves in another such period. Will the price recessions again run for thirty years? Twelve months ago most economists would probably have given a negative answer, but after noting a drop of nearly five per cent within the past year some of them are beginning to believe that a return to pre-war levels, as happened in 1815-46 and in 1865-96, is not beyond the range of possibility. Such a thing at least does not seem so preposterous as it once did, but it would certainly be preposterous to predict its occurrence.

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▶▶ Meet the Dimpled Stranger! ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

BRIDGE and golf are diversions essential to the socially inclined. When contract crowded auction to the wall the repercussions affected everybody you know. When the lighter and larger golf ball becomes official on January 1, 1931, it will cause a similar upheaval.

You've read about the perils of golfing disparity arising from the Anglo-American cleavage on golf ball specifications. You've been told that the new ball will hobble the driving power of your favorite "pro"—will prevent him from outraging the tender feelings of course architects—will restore the game's "strategic balance," whatever that means. Such information is of only academic interest. The common or garden variety of golfer, secretly satisfied with a ninety-four, can't hit the present ball well enough "to distort stroke values." These cryptic phrases have no meaning for him. Far from transforming a stiff four hundred forty yarder into a drive and pitch, he has all he can do to get near the green with a full spoon or iron.

Let's assume that you're an average golfer, not quite in the duffer class but by no stretch of the imagination an expert. To break ninety is the goal of your dreams. How will the new ball affect you? Will it cause your drives to shrink like a laundered shirt? Will it handcuff your approaches? Will it blight whatever putting touch you possess? Will it add strokes to your present average?

Here are the questions that concern your golfing happiness, and since golf manufacturers will cease making the familiar ball within a year, the writer now attempts to forecast your reactions.

Let's begin with the dry statistics. The new ball—don't refer to it as a "balloon" unless you want to make the U. S. G. A. sore—weighs 1.55 ounces and measures 1.68 inches in diameter as against the 1.62 by 1.62 specifications of the present sphere. The difference in size and heft is microscopic, scarcely perceptible to the eye, hardly to be detected by the feel.

Perch the new ball astride a peg, however, or toss it on the fairway, and you'll be amazed by its apparent bulk. When you stand up to hit it, this slightly larger ball looks decidedly bigger, an optical illusion that generates confidence. The duffer, as well as the ordinary player, will find the new ball an easier target. They will top less often—get a greater proportion of cleanly hit shots. Golf is so largely mental that this illusion of exaggerated size guarantees better execution.

Being lighter, the new ball sits up higher on fairway lies and is thus simpler to dig under with a mashie. Being bigger, it doesn't squeeze itself into heel prints or cuppy depressions as readily as the old one. There goes a favorite alibi.

The new ball's greater visibility, moreover, should prove an asset to the wild hitter who doesn't know where his slice is going except that it will wind up in the wilderness. You can locate the bigger ball sooner in heavy rough, and, having found it, you can extricate it more easily. The lighter and larger the ball the less deeply will it burrow into tangled grass or underbrush.

DISTANCE off the tee? You will lose some yardage with this lighter ball but not as much as newspaper scaremongers have intimated. In air-line range there's hardly any difference between the two missiles. The new one permits just as long carries but won't run as far after striking the ground. The duffer who chuckles when a wretchedly topped drive scuttles rabbit like down a sun-bleached fairway will be out of luck with the new ball. It hasn't the weight to roll far when struck "on the roof." You'll probably lose from ten to twenty yards off the tee with the new ball. But since you won't top or foozle as many drives, your aggregate loss in yardage will be much less than you think.

Presuming that each ball is hit cleanly, the distance lost on the new one is due to its shorter roll. You don't forfeit the zest of a soaring carry.

The ordinary golfer, moreover, will get a higher arc to his shots with the bigger ball. It rises quicker and falls at a steeper angle. This means that you can pitch more boldly to the green with every chance that the ball will stick. The average player has a hard time getting his shots up in the air. He looks with awe upon those professionals who bang a full-blooded spoon across a welter of traps to a distant green. The new ball, because of its rapid climbing property, will enable you and me to send a high trajectory spoon or iron winging gull-like toward that challenging flag. Here's a real thrill for the chap who has never held a tightly trapped green.

Furthermore, the lighter, larger sphere doesn't tunnel into sand like heavier predecessor. This is an asset when blasting out of a trap. Your duffer, accustomed to spending his afternoons in hip-deep bunkers will appreciate the more expansive target offered by the new ball as well as its responsiveness to the niblick.

On the green—and even the hapless dub eventually reaches that velvety El Dorado—the bigger ball rides over those irregularities which are apt to deflect the ball of smaller circumference. You'll find that the new ball holds the line tenaciously. While the bigger sphere slightly increases the chances of being stymied, it will jump an obstruction more nimbly than the heavy ball. There's no sensation in golf more satisfying than the niblick hurdle of a dead stymie.

A hook or a slice will be magnified by the 1.68 by 1.55 ball—the deviation will be more acute since air pressure has a greater surface to grip. In a brisk wind the new ball will shuttlecock at weird tangents unless stringently controlled. There is no doubt that the average golfer will suffer even more in 1931 than he now does when the wind blathers, an argument which may have influenced the Royal and Ancient's rejection of the lighter, larger sphere.

After summing up the arguments for and against the new ball as they concern the average golfer, I firmly believe that this typical player will find the new sphere a superior scoring medium and a more enjoyable ball than the one he has been playing since 1921. He will lose distance on his best drives, but his aggregate yardage off the tee for the entire round won't be curtailed. He will bring off approaches which he dares not now attempt, thereby tasting delights hitherto reserved for experts. He will putt more truly and recover from rough and bunkers with less wear on niblick and nerves. In short, he will cut strokes off his average score.

You don't believe it? Well, buy a box of 1.68 by 1.55 balls and see for yourself. But don't pick a windy day!

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies

The Week's Reading

THE PICTURE of an American woman painted by Jesse Lynch Williams in *She Knew She Was Right* (Scribners $2.50) is quite as terrible and quite as just as Sinclair Lewis' portrait of Mrs. Dodsworth. With the appalling lifelikeness of the portraits, resemblance between the two books ceases, for Williams is too disillusioned to be more than a lukewarm advocate for his down-trodden male. The cosmic urge which, as experienced by the very young, was the subject of *They Still Fall in Love,* is seen at its less lovely work with the older folk in *She Knew She Was Right.* But here it is the obscure and tortuous villain of the piece, never seen face to face, even by the author, instead of the frank and funny hero. Hilda, who knew she was right, is a beautiful, rich, capable and domineering woman who seeks to remake in her own and her family's image the too tender, too indulgent husband who adores her, and in so doing loses his love: and loses it, incidentally, to a very modern flapper. The author seems to have felt that with Connie, his henpecked hero would be safe. This reviewer doubts it. The dialogue of the novel is clever, the New York scenes amusing, the various types and grades of snobbery keenly observed and well handled. And the story, for all its lightness of touch, is painful. Jesse Lynch Williams never identified himself more completely with his generation than in this, his last book. Beneath the surface of its witty satire, there is a bitter, even poisonous kernel. *She Knew She Was Right* is sex warfare in all its futility and pain. It may be light reading to a man. A woman will put it down with a heavy heart.

In *The Weatherhouse* by Nan Shepherd (Dutton $2.50), we have a Scotch novel in which great skill in the presentation of eccentric characters is combined with a fresh, vigorous use of dialect in a form which enriches rather than burdens the English text. The story is slight, somewhat confused and dwarfed in interest by the characterizations. It deals with the arrival, on leave, in a Scotch village of Garry Forbes, nephew of Bawbie Patterson, and in love with Lindsay Lorrimer, niece of the Weatherhouse ladies, to whom Bawbie was an abomination. Garry, backed by one of the Weatherhouse aunts, raises a great row in the village by questioning the tale of a sex-starved spinster who claims to have been engaged to one of Garry's comrades who has been killed in the War. Out of this simple tale, Miss Shepherd has created a vivid picture of village life. The Weatherhouse ladies, women of an old and independent strain, are an amazing group. Two of the characters, especially, linger in the memory: "Lang Leeb," aristocrat, the old lady of the manse who has a seven-league stride, and who quotes ancient and pertinent ballads on every ticklish occasion; and old Bawbie Patterson, democrat, who has a drop of whiskey for every passing tinker and tramp and who dances reels and strathspeys in her kitchen. Miss Shepherd has a strong tragic sense of the farce-comedy of life and infuses her pages with it. Incidentally there is more Scotland in one page of her book than in all of *Gallows Orchard.* But where one novel is, of course, a universal romantic tragedy, the other is a fine tragi-comedy in local colors.

Drawing by Theodore Nadejen in "Martin Birck's Youth" by Hjalmar Söderberg (Harpers)

The work of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, nineteenth century Swiss novelist, who wrote in German but who was much influenced by French literary form, is almost unknown in this country. It is indeed a happy thing that the present flood of translation from foreign literatures should have brought us, along with some trash, so fine a book as Meyer's *The Saint* (translated by E. F. Hauch: Simon and Schuster $2). This short historical novel, dealing with Henry the Second of England and Thomas à Beckett, is a masterpiece of narrative prose, pure and beautiful in the resonant quality of its style. The story of the association and conflict between king and saint, of subtlety and lust, betrayal and murder and vengeance, is told in the words of a bowman who knew and loved both men. The historical material is accurate, the romantic explanation of the unexplained elements in the historical material, is plausible. And the picture of "an anguished strife and two pain-distorted human faces" is the work of a masterhand.—F. L. R.

Simon and Schuster have also brought out a new edition of *Dr. Graessler* by Schnitzler ($1.50). Any one who has an idea that Schnitzler is obscure or that he uses psychiatric jargon had better read it and be undeceived. Of it may be said what one critic said of *Theresa,* that Schnitzler writes "with the calmness of the recording angel." He never philosophizes. Subtle he is, but the depths of the weakness and self-indulgence of his characters appear in what they do and feel. That none in this book has the slightest touch of nobility or sacri-

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fice is not Schnitzler's fault but theirs. He is a master of clear, frank, merciless narrative. *Dr. Graessler* has been out of print for some time.

In Cosmo Hamilton's *The Pleasure House* (Putnam's $2), a sweet young English girl, going out for a morning walk with her dog from her father's genteel gambling house, finds on the hall rug a college lad who has been, as he explains, both lit and stewed. He joins the walk, makes a date with the girl for the evening, but comes to keep it stewed again. So she falls in love with him. Their troubles and love's victory make the story. Told with great verbosity and little art.—R. D. T.

Black Genesis by Samuel Gaillard Stoney and Gertrude M. Shelby (Macmillan $3.50) should be reviewed by some one familiar with Negro dialects, for the only real talking point about it is whether it is accurate Gullah folklore and language or not. To this uninformed reviewer, it is charming and very Negro. This reviewer heard two of the stories contained in the volume from a Charlestonian, years ago. They are tales of the Creation, the Garden of Eden and the Fall. They tell how come man ain't got no tail, how the creatures pestered God until he let the dog help him to finish them up, how the black race sprang from a dubious alliance of Cain's, and so on; typical Brer Rabbit tales, touching and funny. To this reviewer these stories represent Negro notions, whereas Bradford's represent white conception of Negro notions. Martha Bensley Bruère's illustrations are delightful.

In collaboration with Dr. Richard E. Day, Editor of Historical Manuscripts of the State of New York and an expert on colonial Indian affairs, Arthur Pound has written *Johnson of the Mohawks* (Macmillan $5). This is a book that needed to be written and which up-staters, particularly, should welcome, but we could wish that somebody else had written it. It is fascinating in material and unquestionably accurate and complete; but woefully damaged, in this reviewer's opinion, by the trifling familiarity of the style, and the unwieldy topical allusions, dragged in, presumably, with an eye to popular appeal. Johnson's irregular personal life, for instance, is important only in so far as it affected his public career, which was, by Mr. Pound's own account, scarcely at all. It did probably affect his relations with the Indians whose friend and champion he was, but it occupies too much space in Mr. Pound's biography. Johnson's importance in pioneer York State, and in the opening of the near west has been minimized. English historians could not understand it; Americans, firm in the New England tradition or at least firmly anti-Tory, have chosen to ignore

From "Destiny," a novel in pictures by Otto Nückel (Farrar & Rinehart)

it. He was an empire builder, one of the Empire State's great heroes. His days were exciting from start to finish and their tale is well told in this book. But we should think that the Mohawk Valley could raise up a better biographer. Why not Robert W. Chambers, who has often celebrated Johnson's country in his romances, and who, for all his nonsense, can tell a good story? With the help of Dr. Day's documents he should make a good biographer of Johnson of the Mohawks.

Hugh Walpole's new novel, (he recommends so many books, it's extraordinary he finds time to write such a long one of his own), is a warm, richly colored, stalwart romance. *Rogue Herries* (Doubleday, Doran $2.50) is the chronicle of one of the "Herries rakes," his children and his near relations. Its period is the eighteenth century, its setting, the Lake Country of England. Walpole's own interest in his characters wavers between Francis Herries, the rogue, and David, his son, an ideal hero; and the reader's interest wavers with his. The story is an expert's concoction of drama and pathos, perfectly delightful to read, not provocative of comment. Rogue Herries is a poet born with the wrong gifts. He is obsessed of a dream of perfection, and, like many such, avenges himself against life for failing to make the dream come true. At thirty, as the tale begins, beset by debts and scandals in the south, he brings his adoring and despised wife, his children, his servant and his mistress to the solitudes of Borrowdale, the cradle of the Herries race. For the next twenty years his behavior, presented in detail, is outrageous in the extreme. He consorts with riff-raff, sells his mistress to the highest bidder at the county fair, shelters a witch, quarrels with his brothers, chivies his feckless wife and wounds her unto death, loves only himself and his boy—while the boy will love him. After that, Walpole begins to hurry a little over the long story. There is a brief experience with Prince Charles Edward in the rebellion of '45. David's romance and his sister Deborah's quaintly touching one are given their place. Rogue Herries makes a mad marriage with a red-haired waif who gives him his first experience of loving another better than himself and of finding his love for a woman unrequited. And at the last she gives him peace and a happy death, while David carries on the Herries name and spirit. The characters in the book are broadly and firmly drawn, and are distinct, rememberable types. But it is particularly in the brilliant conception and vivid recreation of the eighteenth century in physical detail and in spirit that *Rogue Herries* shines. There it is a novel worthy of the Thackeray tradition in which, this reviewer believes, it is written.

In *With Trailing Banners,* (Little Brown $2.50) Estelle Aubrey Brown has written a powerful novel. It is about a little Protestant girl born in upstate New York about fifty years ago. The town, originally Protestant, is inundated by tides of incoming French and Irish Catholics. The little girl grows up in an atmosphere tense with racial and religious conflict. She sees

(Please Turn to Page 678)

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Adventure: **Devil Drums,** by Clements Ripley: Brewer & Warren.
Novel: **The Way Home,** by Henry Handel Richardson: Norton.
Biography: **Alexander Pope,** by Edith Sitwell: Cosmopolitan.
Miscellaneous: **The Grandeur and Misery of Victory,** by Georges Clemenceau: Harcourt, Brace.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of the ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia.*

Fiction

The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar and Rinehart. An ingenious mystery story with a startling denouement. Reviewed April 2nd.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran—Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.

Long Hunt, by James Boyd: Scribners. The life of an American in the great days of pioneer Tennessee. Reviewed April 9th.

Exile, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. A well constructed story of English expatriates on the Italian Riviera. Reviewed March 19.

Non-Fiction

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

The Crusades, by Harold Lamb: McBride. Popular history of the first crusade and the men concerned in it. Reviewed March 26th.

Is Sex Necessary? by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. Providing a catharsis of laughter.

Mata Hari, by Thomas Coulson: Harper. Detailed account of the career of the notorious dancing spy.

Year In, You're Out, by Samuel Hoffenstein: Liveright. The finest type of light verse, charming, funny and timely. Reviewed April 2.

Magazine Articles Recommended

Out of Provincetown, by Harry Kemp. Theatre, April.

Eugene O'Neill, author of *Strange Interlude,* is considered America's foremost dramatist. This memoir by an old friend tells of O'Neill's early association with the famous Provincetown group under whose banner he received his start. The article is an interesting commentary on the character and artistic development of a great writer.

10 Minutes for Marriage; 9 Minutes for Divorce, by Frazier Hunt. Cosmopolitan, May.

Of all the Soviet social experiments the marriage question has provoked more discussion than any other. Mr. Hunt, an experienced investigator, pretended to seek a divorce in order to discover the exact procedure. His analysis of marriage and divorce figures in Russia form an interesting comparison with those of the United States.

Un Chaste Poète, by Henri Duvernois. Vanity Fair, April.

Intraduit . . . sinon intraduisible . . . cette histoire, de la main experte de l'auteur de "Crapotte" et plusieurs autres nouvelles et romans, raconte ce que fait un vieux médecin au premier soupçon d'infidélité de la part de sa jeune femme. (Dans le même numéro de Vanity Fair se trouve un article par Harold Nicolson sous le titre: "We Obey the Conventions.")

Navy Medical Service, by W. A. Gills. Plain Talk, May.

The author, a retired naval doctor, severely criticises our naval medical service. The statistics with which he illustrates his observations are alarming. It would seem from his remarks that our sailors are subjected to unnecessary hardships and their illnesses often neglected. The tone of Dr. Gill's article is obviously prejudiced, but his statements have a convincing ring.

Behind the Blurbs

IN VIEW of the present unemployment situation, the Vanguard Press's announcement of the publication this summer of *The Hobo's Handbook* is perhaps of interest, since it gives full directions on the art, science, sport, hobby, or however you look at it, of tramping. Though it seems likely that those who would have most need for it wouldn't be able to afford a copy. ☙ ☙ ☙ A certain uneasiness, bordering on dismay, is indicated to us by the reported order of a copy of *Is Sex Necessary?* by *The Breeders' Gazette.* ☙ ☙ ☙ Admiral Byrd's official 2-vol. record of his Antarctic Expedition is announced by Putnam's for fall publication. The limited autographed edition is supplemented by a special vol. containing extra illustrations and the Admiral's autograph. ☙ ☙ ☙ Heywood Broun and George Britt are collaborating on a vol. called *Christians Only* to be pub. by Vanguard this summer, which is a study of what prejudice, if any, exists against the Jew. ☙ ☙ ☙ A $3000 prize is offered by the National Arts Club for the best forty to one hundred thousand-word MS. on "The Soul of America." ☙ ☙ ☙ It is reported that Maxim Gorky will soon visit these States to deliver a series of lectures through an interpreter. Those who objected to the flood of English literary lecturers which inundated America a few years ago will have something real to growl about now, if continental writers with interpreters begin to infest our lecture platforms. ☙ ☙ ☙ If you liked Williamson's *The Pathway,* you will want to read his *Dandelion Days*[1], which chronicles the school life of Madison, the central figure of the former book, as of the two which preceded it. But excellent as it is, we feel that the boys and masters at Colham are treated at too great length. *Dandelion Days* and *The Beautiful Years* might well have been combined in one volume. ☙ ☙ ☙ John Erskine's *Uncle Sam*[2] is an attempt at the novelization of our national temperament. It is the story of a modern family, in which Sam, Antoinette, John and the rest stand for America, France, England and the other members of the family of nations. The reactions and relationships between these individuals parallel the reactions and relationships among the various nations. Every one of course, will have a different idea of our national temperament, and from that point of view every one will have a different criticism of the book to offer. Just as a story, it is too long and rambling for our taste, and it lacks the sparkle of *Helen of Troy.* But it is a noble experiment. ☙ ☙ ☙ *A Son of China*[3] gives a delightful picture of Chinese life from the inside, and of the struggle, within the Chinese family, between the old and the new. Educated in France, the author, at twenty-nine, has written his biography, in which his mother is the chief character. She is his interpreter, and a very charming and convincing one. ☙ ☙ ☙ For those who expect to flit about Europe this summer, *The Air-Tourist's Guide to Europe*[4] should be invaluable. Complete with maps, timetables and all information. ☙ ☙ ☙ Clinton Scollard and Jessie B. Rittenhouse have gathered together in *The Bird-Lovers' Anthology*[5] all the important poems about birds, from albatross to yellow-hammer. ☙ ☙ ☙ If all the adventure stories were true, China and India and Malaysia, the atolls of the South Seas and the South American republics would be so full of heroes, heroines and desperadoes that there would hardly be room for the necessary local flora, and the fauna would be crowded right off the map. But there would still be some wide open spaces in Mongolia, and it is this setting that Clements Ripley has used in *Devil Drums*[6], one of the best adventure stories we have read in a long time. It concerns itself with Conn Scott, hard-boiled American ex-cavalry lieutenant, Vera Kharkova, the well educated but ferocious daughter of the Free People, and what happened when they escaped from the hunghutzes, joined Garine and his troop of wild Mongols, and rode to Ta Kure, to take the Chinese High Commissioner's treasure away from him. Good for that tired feeling. ☙ ☙ ☙ A reissue of C. Hubert Parry's *The Evolution of the Art of Music*[7], edited with additional chapters by H. C. Colles, music critic of the London *Times,* has just appeared. It is an excellent and scholarly study, containing much valuable critical comment.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Drawn by Frank McIntosh for "Magic Gold" by Marion Florence Lansing (Little, Brown)

1. Dutton, $2.50.
2. Bobbs Merrill, $2.50.
3. By Sheng Cheng: Norton, $3.00.
4. By Capt. Norman Macmillan: Washburn, $3.00.
5. Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.
6. Brewer & Warren, $2.00.
7. Appleton, $3.50.

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▶▶ Old Men in Politics ◀◀

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE TENDENCY in political life —at least in an industrial democracy—is to confuse seniority with superiority and old age with ability. It is, perhaps, significant that the two most significant political experiments of the age: Fascism and Bolshevism, are the work of youth. The fact is that, in the rapid tempo of modern life, the lessons of the "middle past" are positively misleading. For example, modern America is pretty generally ruled by the Class of '90, and what have the Gay Nineties in common with the Nineteen Thirties? It is a paradox that the most youthful of peoples should be governed by the least resilient of statesmen and the result is a weird combination of economic exuberance coupled with hardening of the political arteries, a strange mating of Super-Power projects with the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, of world-wide commercial contacts with political isolation regarded as a positive diplomatic virtue.

Count Carlo Sforza puts the case shrewdly in his *Makers of Modern Europe* (Bobbs-Merrill), when he observes that "it is not certain that old men are always a useful element in public life. The man who sees his lifetime dwindle thinks he will find an illusion of life in the honors and the applause that still greet him. *And if his soul has a touch of vulgarity,* he provokes them by stooping down to the popular nonsense of the day." This book, by the way, is the best political portrait gallery assembled by any European statesman since the War. It is faintly ironic, well-informed and admirably written.

Old men, "that 'amper and 'inder and scold men," are, however, the theme of this review. The accuracy of Sforza's comment is illustrated by Georges Clemenceau's *Grandeur and Misery of Victory* (Harcourt Brace), the post-humous parting shot of the War-time Premier of France, the Father of Victory, who was recently buried standing on his feet, as he had lived. It is a scathing and unanswerable assault on the claims of Foch and Poincaré regarding the peace settlement with Germany. In these pages, Clemenceau stoops to the popular nonsense of the day. France is identical with civilization. All barbarism and imperialism are German. Germany is armed. France is disarmed and helpless. It is the moral duty of England and America to protect France interminably. America grew colossally wealthy as a result of the War and should cancel the War debts. Foch was vain, insubordinate, a good general in his moments, but ungrateful and spiteful. The book is a broadside. Its effect will be to weaken the forces in France which favor friendship and collaboration across the Rhine, to strengthen the intransigent nationalisms of the Continent, in order to dismiss a weak charge brought against Clemenceau by a friend of Foch on the morrow of the Marshal's death. The style of the book is superb, sparkling, self-contained, a pleasure to read and a stupidity to have written. A great journalist, who was for a short time a great statesman, turns journalist again in his last moments, wicked, witty, crushing, a miracle of malice.

Old men—their work is everywhere apparent. In *The Biography of the Late Marshal Foch* (Macmillan), Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B., gives a good military biography of the man whom Clemenceau accuses of sending around little busts of himself in order to secure a command. In *Pilsudski and Poland* (Dial Press), Geoffrey Dunlop translates Rom Landau's biography of another old man whose political fancies have involved his country in one serious foreign war and a number of constitutional disorders, who has kept Poland in turmoil while he has retained its affections and who is as indifferent to the democratic dogma as is Mussolini. In *The Pope is King* (Putnam) an anonymous Italian publicist explains how the old men of the Quirinal and the Vatican shook their heads at the signature of the Lateran Treaties, which ended the sixty-year scandal of the "Roman Question" and identified the Holy See with the temporal fortunes of the Fascist State.

Least of all is America immune from administrative senility. *The Great Crusade* by J. C. Wise (Dial Press) —the only American war book which bears comparison with *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Journey's End,* though quite different in treatment and temper—robs us of the illusion that the American war was efficiently conducted. West Point infallibility, War Department bureaucracy, pig-headedness, cliques and unwillingness to learn at G. H. Q., suspicion of our Allies and major stupidities carefully glossed over in the "official versions" of the War, here come to light in the fictionized diaries of Colonel Wise. This book should be made compulsory reading at

POLITICS IN A PROTESTANT CHURCH,

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West Point and Washington. The fair, judicious, first-hand recital of events it conveys will win a hearing elsewhere. The book will give a shock to national complacency. It shows promotions going by pull and decorations by favoritism, non-commissioned officers withdrawn from battle (leaving their troops leaderless) in order to attend training schools, infantry sent in mass-formation to attack barbed wire and machine guns in broad daylight, an offensive being held up to enable a pet division to move across the field of battle in order to have the honor of taking a town which had been strategically captured by other troops, unsanitary debarkation camps, muddle, mess and cast-iron complacency. A good book and an eminently fair one. The world will await the West Point answer with interest.

Old men! There are exceptions. Here is General J. C. Smuts in *Africa and Some World Problems* (Oxford University Press), which include the Rhodes Memorial Lectures of 1929 and some pertinent remarks on world peace. These utterances are worth reading. They are double-edged. They convey expert information on African history and on the organization of peace; they also are campaign documents, the African material being astutely adjusted to the shifting position in Union politics, and the peace remarks being an artful and indirect attempt to show that the United States has, in signing the Kellogg Pact, thrown away its right to protect its neutral commerce in time of war.

"If the right of supply to a war outlaw is explicitly renounced, *as it is implicitly renounced in the Peace Pact* (said the General who invented the mandate system as a means of reconciling Allied colonial conquests with Wilsonian ideals), the United States could no longer claim the right of a neutral to freedom of trade with such a party, and the question of Freedom of the Seas falls to the ground."

In view of Secretary Stimson's comments on the British "White Paper" on this subject, this *obiter dicta* is now of antiquarian interest alone. Its quotation is here adduced to show that there is one old man in world politics who must be watched, whether in or out of office. Perhaps this is because South Africa is still mainly an agricultural country. The industrial tempo of our northern lands superannuates mentalities with a constant acceleration. Generally speaking, we have a young man's country and an old man's Government, and the proverb must be reversed: *"Si jeunesse pouvait, si vieillesse savait!"*

JOHN CARTER.

▸▸ The Movies ◂◂

By CREIGHTON PEET

▸▸"Journey's End"

SO FAITHFUL and effective a reproduction of the British war play is Tiffany's talking picture that it leaves nothing to be desired either as to direction, acting or dramatic effect. If you live beyond the reach of legitimate road shows you can take yourself to see the film of the play which is still enjoying considerable success in both London and New York without any feeling that you are getting only a second-rate, substitute performance. There is nothing second rate about the film of *Journey's End*. It is an almost exact reproduction of the play. No lovely ladies have been introduced to pep up the proceedings and no theme songs break out at you to shatter the illusion. But while it is simply a photographic reproduction of the play it does not seem to have lost any of its drama. This is due partly to the fact that no Hollywood genius was paid a fabulous sum to "rewrite" the original lines by R. C. Sherriff, and partly to the fine direction of James Whale and the powerful performance of Colin Clive as Captain Stanhope. Mr. Clive, by the way, played, and is still playing in the original London production of the play, having visited Hollywood for a few weeks recently just to make this picture. While the film was made on the Gold Coast, its author, director, and entire cast are British—and this is quite important because the whole play is essentially a British product. No other nation on earth could have produced *Journey's End*. It is quiet, subdued, almost motionless from an American point of view. The scene is a British officers' dugout in the second line trenches. The men sit about saying "please," "thanks, awfully," and "cheerio" while discussing the comparative desirability of pineapple and apricot preserves for dessert while guns rumble death and destruction in the near distance. Three or four times the camera ventures outside the dugout (in which the entire play was laid), but only for brief flashes. Chiefly, *Journey's End* tells of Captain Stanhope who keeps up his courage and bravery with whiskey. Among the new recruits is a young lieutenant, the brother of the girl he loves. To cover his fear that the boy, who does not yet understand that in war "bravery" is all too frequently inspired by alcohol, will write home to his sister that he is a drunken sot, Stanhope is bitter and morose. But ultimately all such fears fade away, for the boy is brought in dying and a few moments later a shell falls in the doorway killing Stanhope and demolishing the dugout. In the final moments of darkness and chaos the makers of the film have added slightly to the play. Out of nowhere voices repeat trivial phrases from recent conversations supposedly the last faint flashes of consciousness in the dying men. I thought the bits of thought badly chosen, but the idea excellent.

It should be noted that James Whale, the director, also did the stage production in London.

▸▸"Cock O' The Walk"

Up to the point at which I staggered out into the night Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, the big "It" man of the ages had proved himself to be a complete roué and debauché by chucking some seventeen ladies about three hundred and twenty-three times under the chin, heh-heh-heh-ing wickedly the while. Once (the devil) he spoke to a girl he hadn't been introduced to —after pretending to pick up her handkerchief — whereupon the lady gasped "why—you cuh-levah man!"

The whole thing made me feel pretty badly because his poor little wife-in-name-only is Myrna Loy, and the lines she has to speak must have been written by a new office boy who isn't quite on to things yet.

Worth Seeing

Anna Christie: Greta Garbo speaks, but O'Neill's play is not very exciting.
The Green Goddess: Mr. George Arliss as a cru-el, cru-el Rajah. Fair.
Hell Harbor: Handsome photography and a fine performance by Jean Hersholt—not much else.
The Man From Blankley's: John Barrymore forgets about the great lover stuff to be quite amusing in a fantastic comedy.
Honey: Slight but entertaining comedy with Nancy Carroll.
Roadhouse Nights: Excitement among bootleggers and reporters—better than the title.
The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett of grand opera, singing lustily at Catherine Dale Owen.
Sarah and Son: Even a cheap plot cannot spoil Ruth Chatterton's fine performance.
Song o' My Heart: Irish ballads beautifully sung by John McCormack—very little story.
Street of Chance: This is on the required list —William Powell at his best—big time gamblers at work and at play.
The Vagabond King: The Ziegfeld musical show with Dennis King still playing François Villon.

Not So Good

The Case of Sergeant Grischa: Unsuccessful filming of the Zweig war novel.
Lummox: Fannie Hurst's story of the stolid servant girl.
Mammy: Al Jolson laughs a little through his tears.
Under a Texas Moon: Colorful operetta with good tunes—just a little dull.

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The Theatre

By O. D. C.

A CYNICAL FRIEND of ours reproached us bitterly the other day because, so he asserted, we had led him to spend six dollars and sixty cents for a seat at a musical show—at which he was completely bored.

"Why don't you tell the truth about the decline of the musical shows?" he complained. "Now I remember back in—"

We stopped him at once, of course. We knew already that there hadn't been a good show since nineteen ten, just as we were fully aware that practically every show before nineteen ten had been a knock-out. What was the use of arguing? Particularly since the show under discussion has been reported sold out solid ever since it opened. Criticism of the theatre, we reminded him, is nine-tenths a question of personal taste in entertainment.

All of which hampers us considerably in discussing the latest bid for the spring and summer visitor trade—*Jonica,* musical comedy in two acts (Craig Theatre). Starting out with a rather attractive convent scene that somehow conveyed an impression of freshness as well as uncertainty, it lapsed—so far as we were concerned—into noisy burlesque in a railroad station, shifted to semi-melodrama in a Pullman sleeping car and ended up as the good old ravaged farce of misunderstandings, artists and models, broken engagements and generally incomprehensible love affairs that seem typical of musical comedy New York.

Even the music seemed to us mostly something else, with enough of a new twist to make two or three of its melodies possible candidates for the night club orchestras, but fairly undistinguished ones at that.

And yet we found ourselves progressively entertained by this melange, increasingly inclined to agree with the audience that it was a good show and most intensely amused by one Harry T. Shannon as a hard-boiled detective engaged in tracking down the villain and "finding the body" after the manner of our very best mystery fiction sleuths.

Add the excellent performance of Nell Roy as a little convent girl from Buffalo, invited to a wedding in New York and suddenly mixed up with all the strange characters who happen to be in a musical comedy sleeping car when the fatal shot is fired—add her performance, and you have what most of the audience evidently considered a good show.

We thought it only fair—with some good moments, and much youth and general gayety.

IT REMAINED for that good old standby, William T. Hodge, to give us the real surprise of the season. For he wrote his new play himself and we were quite certain it would prove to be that same good old play he has been either writing or acting in—under different titles, of course—ever since we can remember.

Consider our surprise at being handed a totally new variation of lovableness—all mixed up with private liquor cellars and blackmailers, and ladies photographed in bed with the old rascal, and fights for millions and wriglings from under the feminine thumb which always pins down such lovable old rascals—well, all we can say is that prohibition finds no comfort these days anywhere in the theatre, and certainly not in William Hodge's farce comedy.

As a play, of course, it is pretty obvious stuff. But it's done by an old practiced hand, and for those who like it *The Old Rascal* (Bijou Theatre) is just what it should be: full of laughter, and rather neatly risqué.

Who would have guessed it?

Meanwhile *The Blue Ghost* is promising an "evening of thrills and laughter" at the Forrest theatre. But it wouldn't fool a child into a shiver or a thrill and what laughter there might be would be pretty hollow if we had paid for a seat. We don't recommend it.

All we can do is to admit that it is still the only mystery play on view just now.

Guide to Current Shows

*Strictly Dishonorable: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.

Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted.

Berkeley Square: Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.

*Fifty Million Frenchmen: Expertly produced musical comedy.

*Sons o' Guns: A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue and alluring Lily Damita.

Rebound: Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.

Topaze: Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.

*The Green Pastures: The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.

*Simple Simon: Thank Heaven for Ed. Wynn. Music, ballet and pleasing nonsense.

Troyka: The demoralizing effect of revolution in a Russian penal colony.

Love, Honor, and Betray: Macabre comedy about a lady of fatal attractiveness.

*Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by the McBride and Tyson agencies.

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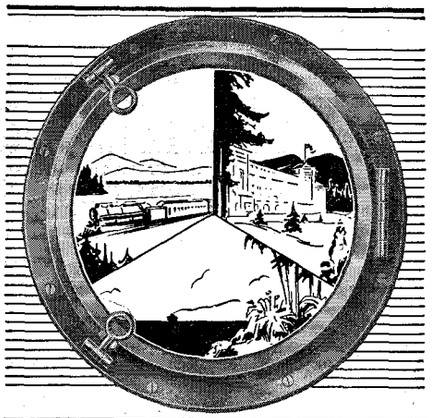

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Meeting

WHEN SHE FIRST SAW the strange and old and broken-down house of God, she was a middle-aged woman, and most of life, she told herself, was behind her. This new countryside was to be her new home.

"Are there no Friends here?" she asked. The building was over a hundred years old, built originally of logs from trees, and no longer safe. Was it so old, she wondered, that no one could help it? And she stepped closer through the tall grasses over the hidden stones until she reached the deserted door. For over a hundred years people had struggled and been happy, had suffered and died, and the spirit had spoken through them in the stillness of this house. She pushed the door softly and stepped inside and listened.

She could not remember when she had first crossed the worn lintel of a Meeting House. On the beginning day and on the middle day of every week a tide had borne her there; a tide had carried her again back to the world. But once, when she was quite grown, she had watched a patch of daisies in the sun—the half opened ones hanging giddy heads from bending stems, turning here and there with every breath of wind. So she had sat and nodded and let her little head be blown about, back there in the beginning. Up in front on raised benches and facing all the other people, had sat the elders of the Meeting; some with folded arms, tense and watchful, staring straight in front of them; others looking sternly at the floor, or at the back wall of the Meeting House, a spot behind her and just above her head. Were they all listening to God? she had wondered. And turning her head, her glances had stolen sideways, at her father—at the men and young boys sitting on the other side of the Meeting House—at the women and little girls on her own side of the house. Was she the only one, she had wondered, who could hear nothing but the stillness? . . . . Or, one of the elders would stand up and tell them what God had said. But at that voice she had been more than ever dismayed, for she could not understand the words of God! When the voice had stopped, she would feel bewildered and oppressed. She was too small and ignorant to understand the spirit. And she would move restlessly on the hard bench. Disconsolate, she would fix her eyes upon the sunlight falling through the plain window, and follow the bright stream of dusty air to the opposite wall, where it splashed in delicate colors upon the whitewash. Looking at those colors, faint and floating—like a tide of heavenly air upon the wall—she would at last feel comforted.

When she came out she moved quickly down the village street, driven by what she must do. There was plenty of money—more than plenty for a woman who had lost those she loved and was alone. The smallest house would be big enough for her; this other house was the one that must be kept.

Slowly, in the weeks that followed the Meeting House returned to life. Walls were made strong again, and the floor solid. Sunlight poured through the shining windows and fell upon benches bright with age. The roof held tightly now above the heads of living people listening to the spirit.

She sat and listened among them. The humble words of this one—the starved, thin words of that one—this other with his harsh and broken speech—she understood them now. God spoke to her with these, as He had spoken long ago in colors on a whitewashed wall.

The Sundays and the years flowed by until those gathered in the Meeting House were fewer. Time and distance took them one by one, and the day came to stagger her, when she sat in God's House alone. The stillness rose about her in a tide of terror. She was old. She was alone. The spirit might speak only to herself; through her own thoughts and words and life. With her eyes fixed upon the sunlight and her ears filled with stillness, she turned her mind upon that voice within.

Five years—ten years—twenty-five she made her way to the Meeting House and sat alone. And as she listened in the quiet House, Sunday by Sunday, the tide of loneliness and terror ebbed in a sea of light. But now that she had lived so long—would it soon be a hundred years?—a strange thing was happening. As she sat listening to the spirit, alone in God's House, she felt herself to be confused, as if she were herself that light, that heavenly air upon the wall—the silence and the peace. Herself the word of God.

She gave then the Meeting House into the care of the town. And one day left it without troubling to return, from where she lay quietly, with a look of listening upon her closed eyes.

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▶▶ Sister of the Sirens ◀◀

By PITTS SANBORN

I LIKE to think of Marguerite d'Alvarez enthroned in the sun at Cuzco with the earth a plaything under her feet. But you are more apt to find her at Small's Paradise confronting a hooker of ginger ale. D'Alvarez is one of those rare human beings who approximate completeness. She is the last word in civilized sophistication, and yet as primitive as a savage.

Who, some may ask, is Marguerite d'Alvarez? It is not so easy to say who, and yet vastly easier than to say what. New York first learned of her existence when the late Oscar Hammerstein prefaced his fourth and last season as impresario of his Manhattan Opera House with a couple of months of "educational" opera. Few shrewder men than Hammerstein have ever trod this planet; yet to his surprise he learned that the New York public would pay more to be amused than to be instructed. At least, that was its state of mind in the autumn of 1909. His experiment proved costly, but indisputably it added its bit to the amazingly comprehensive education of its promoter. And one of the chief dispensers of the new learning was Marguerite d'Alvarez.

This very young woman, whom he had imported from Europe as a member of the faculty for his "educational" series, he presented promptly, despite her tender years, in the mature rôle of Fidès, mother of Jean de Leyde, in *Le Prophète*. If no amount of make-up could quite dissemble her youth, the music of the greatest part in the entire contralto repertory served to exhibit a voice of lavish range and volume and of surpassingly rich quality. But what is of more urgent interest is the acknowledged fact that the elderly Oscar became absolutely infatuated with this girl who was several decades his junior, so much so that some declare O. H. in that winter of his discontent for the first time in his life forgot to be a genius. At any rate, the most brilliant impresario of history played for the time being in bad luck and in the spring was actually paid a handsome sum, incredible as such a thing may seem, *not* to give opera in New York for another ten years. And Oscar Hammerstein may not have been the loser at all, for his name is writ with Aristides. But New York suffered. D'Alvarez, the ox-eyed brunette, a young woman of large frame and impressive bearing, was at that time of a physical opulence which reminded one of the oriental conceptions of Aphrodite. Her extraordinary intelligence and her unpredictable and biting wit were, however, even more engrossing than her tropical beauty. It has been said that Hammerstein founded his London opera house less to spite New York than to induce D'Alvarez to marry him. That step she steadfastly refused to take and the London venture turned out financially a failure.

And who may this redoubtable sister of the sirens be? I have not yet told. I am not even certain that I know. My understanding is that Marguerite d'Alvarez was born at Liverpool, daughter of a Peruvian consular officer and his French wife, that she studied singing at Brussels and Paris, that she appeared in opera at Rouen and Antwerp before Hammerstein engaged her for New York. In any event, she is a remarkable linguist. Her English would drive an Oxford don frantic with envy. Her Spanish, her French, her Italian are all excellent, and lately she has been acquiring German as she has expanded her repertory of lyrics to include German Lieder. In contradiction to the generally accepted Liverpool theory, however, I have been assured that D'Alvarez is really a native of Lima and there seems to be no question but that "the traditional nobility of the Incas" is in her blood. I have been further informed that her grandmother was the last Inca priestess of Peru and that the first Peruvian battleship was paid for with the lady's sacerdotal pearls.

D'Alvarez sang with the Boston Opera Company—Carmen, for one part—until that troupe disbanded before the impact of the World War. About ten years ago she returned to America and has been an annual visitor ever since. She has given most of her professional attention to song recitals. In this medium her uncommon musical gifts, her uncanny penetration of texts, her singular ability to color tone, her flaming temperament, her exquisitely refined diction, and the magnificence of her manner have combined to give her a unique position. She has been called the incomparable singer of Debussy, and yet to one thrill-monger the quintessence of a D'Alvarez recital lies in its Spanish section. The heat, the passion, the languor, the melancholy, the ferocity, the irony, the sombre humor that she pours into the songs of Spain come as a revelation. As Spanish balladist she is even more enchanting than when she regales us with her vocal Dalila, combining a feline seductiveness with the lordly gesture of the *grande amoureuse*.

And all this gives one little idea of the imaginative whimsy and the inborn distinction of the woman, who queens it from the drawing rooms of Park Avenue to the side lines of a Harlem cabaret, of the uproarious mimic, of the adept at repartée, of the enthralling *raconteuse*.

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Toward a New Life

(Continued from Page 663)

all singly devoted to filling the earth, again, with more like themselves. Then I thought of the past; of the long, bloody, toilsome, fearful and painful past; of "evolution—survival of the fittest—that the finally fit might some day come." I thought of homely, crippled old Socrates, trying to question people into thinking of the best "because every one does the best when he knows it," and then drinking the hemlock because the best he could do was to show no fear of death. I thought of Christ's few, obscure parables, telling about the future; his whipping greed from the temple to get love in; and then saying on the cross "Forgive them" because he knew they didn't know. I thought of the War—the last, last War forever on the earth; and then again of the warless, loving future. Then I was back again in the penitentiary bakery, helping to put filled pans of dough into an oven. I didn't rush and kiss the fellows around me; and I didn't cry out "God! God! God!"

I tried to keep hard-headed. What was the next thing to be thought of? The next thing was that I'd have to write. I'd be no mystic running around like a chicken with its head off, making noises. I'd say this thing in the hardest, clearest way, with the least syllables and sentences. And I'd do it as soon as possible.

I got a pencil and paper. What would be the first sentence? I sat and thought. My paper stayed blank. I hadn't thought writing so hard. Well, I didn't want anything to be too easy; the harder the better. I wrote, and then crossed out what I had written. I filled many pages, trying to get going, and tore them all up. I had time. I could make the crimes I had confessed keep me in jail, with nothing to do but write. It might not be necessary; but if it were—all right. Each day when I sat on my cell-stool to write, there was a blank where the first sentence should be. Each time I got up and walked to think things over, images flooded my mind.

My repeated daily failures made me realize that perhaps I had a marathon job ahead of me. What if I shouldn't finish it before my time was up? Well, they'd probably prosecute me for one or more of the crimes I'd confessed. "But I don't believe in their crime or their punishment any more. Nor in their property. Hereafter men are to be trustees of the commonwealth, instead of owners. Now every one wants

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"money, money," and "property, property," because they think having them makes them fine persons. They must learn that what they aim for and do makes them fine, and not how much they can get. Poor devils! All they've been taught is getting, getting—and showing how much they have. If they try me for violating ownership, I'll refuse to be tried and instead will tell them about trusteeship and the life it will lead them to. Maybe doing that will help me to write. Maybe I've been too much in jail to be able to write.

On December 27 a telegram came from my favorite sister—whom I had written of my whereabouts—saying my father had contracted pneumonia and was in the hospital at the point of death. She had also telegraphed the Warden asking if it was possible for me to be released before my father's death. The Warden called me out and said he had telephoned the Parole Commission recommending my immediate parole. On December 30 I was free.

The End

Literary Promoter

(Continued from Page 645)

frankly glories—is the unsullied purity of his literary standards. Being far too intelligent to doubt that Sumerian standards of criticism are as antiquated as the Sumerians among whom they probably originated, he nevertheless contrives to remain, if not exactly on the side of the angels, at least on very good terms with them. A fair sample of his attitude is a remark in *The Advance of the English Novel* that "our American literature is sadly in need of improvement, but we shall not improve it by imitating the only thing in Continental literature which it takes no talent to copy."

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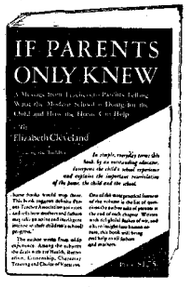

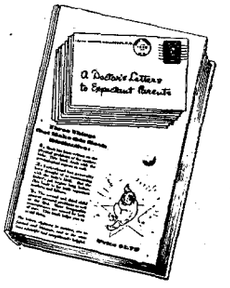

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A. Guest, the well-known lyric-manufacturer.) Neither is there any tiresome intellectual analysis of masterpieces, but instead a quick and easy appraisal by the thrill method. Robert Bridges—pish! "I am not thrilled by the poems of Robert Bridges." But *hoch* Hervey Allen and "The Blindman," for "I defy any one to read this poem without thrills; if it is not genuine poetry, I will eat the author's complete works."

Critic or no critic, Professor Phelps is at least a supreme master of the art of "colyum" conducting. That is, he is perennially amusing; he can strike a level and stay on it, month in and month out; and he can get his readers to help by writing part of it for him. Hence that series of clubs which he has organized—the Fano Club, composed of all who will send him a postal card from the Italian village of Fano, whose streets were once trodden by Robert Browning; the Asolo Club, organized on much the same basis; the "Am't I" Club, composed of those who applaud this grammatical short-cut; the Samuel Richardson Club, for those who have read every word of the three great novels, and the Faerie Queene Club for those who have read every line of that illimitable poem.

There is also the Ignoble prize, for masterpieces and other annoyances which his correspondents hate. The candidates have by this time pretty well exhausted the world's stock of art. Indignant readers have nominated for the Ignoble Prize Walt Whitman's works, *Jane Eyre, Pier Gynt,* Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* the works of Virgil, Carlyle's *French Revolution,* the Sistine Madonna, *Silas Marner,* W. S. Gilbert's *Trial by Jury,* the front of Westminster Abbey, *The Three Musketeers,* the Elgin marbles, Rachmaninoff's Prelude (presumably the one in C-sharp minor), Shelley's "Revolt of Islam,"—and Professor Phelps' own department in *Scribners.* It is typical of the man's lonest sportsmanship that he rushed into print with the last suggestion as blithely as with any of the others.

If he reads all the books he writes about, he must plough through an average of about 5,000 pages a month—meanwhile directing one of the most popular university courses in the country, lecturing throughout the United States, supplying publishers with enthusiastic encomiums on their wares, writing books of his own, and running regular monthly departments in two magazines! Yet so perfect is his showmanship that his public never loses faith. To the Phelpsite, his idol is more reliable than the Nautical Almanac.

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The New French Army

(Continued from Page 648)

other hand, the air service has been developed in a manner appropriate to the preponderant rôle assigned to it in modern armies. The effectives provided for in the new organization will amount to 346,000 French, including 106,000 professional soldiers. To that figure may be added: Native North Africans, 100,000; native colonials, 90,000; foreigners, 18,000.

In order that mobilization may be accomplished without confusion or disorder, security is necessary. In other words, frontier defense must be properly organized. The various measures for frontier defense must be taken progressively. The operation will at first call for the immediate security furnished by the military formations stationed in the vicinity of the frontier, and their rapid reinforcement by the formations organized in the interior. The frontier defense will, therefore, consist of the twenty regular divisions which make up the first fraction of the army; very rapidly mobilized, they will be transported immediately to the frontier, and will give the bulk of the forces —that is, the other fractions—time to complete their mobilization and to join them on the front line.

Nevertheless, no matter how rapid the mobilization and transportation of these first twenty divisions, the operation will take several days because of the limitation of railroad transport. Thus there will be a particularly dangerous period of four or five days, during which every hour will be precious. To remedy this, the three youngest classes of reservists will be utilized for this purpose. In case of a mere threat of aggression, the government can recall these forces, in whole or in part, without any delay, in any region, on condition of informing Parliament and notifying the League of Nations of the execution of these preventive measures.

This new organization of the French Army has aroused passionate discussions, and has been the object of much criticism. At the present time it is difficult to form a judgment on the organization, because it has not yet been put into effect and its application will probably call for such modifications of detail as experience may demand. However, the chief characteristics of the organization are obvious. Not only is the form of the regular army modified by a reduction in the number of units, but its peace-time rôle is changed. It has become an instrument of instruction and the framework of defense, but it is no longer the exclusive organ for the absorption of reserves. For the most part the reserves will have an existence of their own in both instruction and organization.

The new army, consisting for the most part of reservists, will necessarily be more cumbersome than heretofore, at least during the first weeks. It must, therefore, prepare for a defensive strategy, at least during the first few days. This strategy is imposed upon it by the delay which will prevent it from an immediate attack against a professional army, ready to act without delay, and therefore having everything to gain by taking the offensive. The result is the absolute necessity of organizing our frontier with fortifications which will be able to support and reinforce the frontier defense, deaden the first shock, break the spirit of the enemy offensive, and thus enable our army to get into action, doubtless somewhat late, yet in full force, thanks to its arrangement in *échelons* as to time as well as space.

It may be asked whether this is an offensive or a defensive army. "There is no answer to this question," says General Debeney. "From the moment

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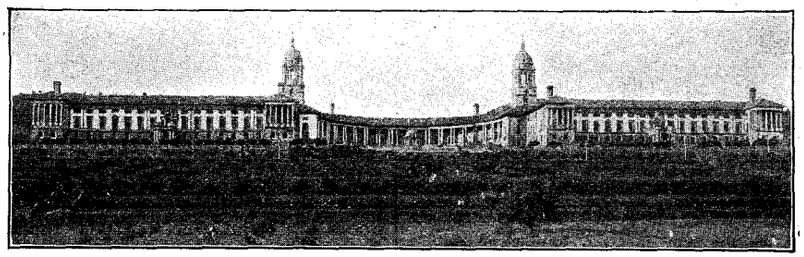

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▶▶In This Issue◀◀

JOHN BAKELESS is a former editor of the *Forum* and a specialist in foreign affairs. He is also author of *The Economic Causes of Modern War* and *The Origin of the Next War*. His most recent contribution to the Outlook and Independent was "Apples from Mr. Michailoff."

LT. COL. CHARLES BUGNET was for many years aide to the late Marshal Foch, and is the author of *Foch Speaks*. He is now military editor of the Paris daily, *L'Ami du Peuple*.

T. R. YBARRA whose article, "That Tunnel Again!" appears in this issue, has just sailed on a Mediterranean cruise, preliminary to an extended European tour. Mr. Ybarra will continue as the Outlook and Independent's regular foreign correspondent.

"Toward a New Life" is the concluding instalment of JOHN COFFEY'S "Autobiography of an Ex-Thief." A new serial will follow it shortly.

▶▶Next Week◀◀

Exporting the Pay-Roll, by John Carter.

The opening of a factory in Ireland by Henry Ford is merely one indication of the increasing spread of the American economic doctrine of high wages. What Mr. Ford is doing in Europe other American companies are doing all over the world, even in Liberia. Mr. Carter discusses the recent economic struggle and indicates that low wages are doomed.

Why I Am a Wet, by T. W. Phillips, Jr.

The author, a candidate for the governorship of Pennsylvania, discusses the breakdown of prohibition and the un-Christian attitude of the Protestant Churches. Seeking a parallel in the history of Puritanism, Mr. Phillips finds astonishingly similar conditions in 1660 in England. "The attempt to secure spiritual results by material force had failed as it always fails," he quotes from Green's *A Short History of the English People*, "it was impossible to distinguish between the saint and the hypocrite as soon as godliness became profitable."

The Unredeemables, by Joseph Lilly and Benjamin Hanft.

The native seaman of to-day, the authors assert, knows nothing of the great traditions of the sea, and cares less. It is only in his sturdy independence that he is related to the men who manned the whalers and clipper ships in the golden age of American shipping. The modern sailor regards every voyage as his last. His profligacy ashore, however, inevitably prevents his retirement. Usually he is lucky not to starve in the intervals between voyages.

After the War Is Over, by Eugene A. Davidson.

A member of the generation that was too young to get into the trenches sets down his thoughts about Armageddon, and particularly Germany's part in it. "The years," he says, "are great statesmen." Most of the bitterness has disappeared.

The Backbone of Prosperity, by William O. Scroggs.

The automobile and building industries, the author declares, are generally recognized as the backbone of the country's economic prosperity. The recent great increase in improved highway construction is not only a remedy for unemployment but a reliable index of progress. Although it is fashionable, Mr. Scroggs declares, to criticize the states for their growing expenditures, the money they are pouring out for highways is paying good dividends.

that an army actually comes into existence, it may be employed in defensive as well as offensive operations. One may ask whether this army was conceived in the light of a peaceful or an aggressive political policy. I do not say pacifistic policy. The answer is therefore easy: This army lends itself badly to an aggressive political policy. For example, the secret preparation for a surprise attack the day before a declaration of war would present an exceedingly difficult problem because the French army is constrained in any case to call upon its reserves."

The new French army is therefore an element of peace, and the stronger it is, the better peace will be assured.

▶▶◀◀

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of April 26, 1950

Expert observers predicted that the Conference for the Limitation of Military Air Forces, now in its tenth month, would result in increased expenditures for aircraft on the part of the United States.

Babe Ruth signed up last week for another year with the Yankees. Col. Pilsner intimated that the salary will be more than $500,000 and will cover all literary, oral, and televisionary rights.

The A. & U. P. reported a new revolution in China. The Central Government at Ping-Liang Fu is said to have fallen.

Professor Frank of Chillecothe University announced that, in a lecture next week, he would explain the Einstein Theory.

At the close of a morning of golf last Friday John D. Rockefeller Sr. gave his caddy a quarter.

▶▶◀◀

Exclusively national and depending upon the use of reserves, it absolutely requires the complete support on the part of the nation of any warlike operation whatever. It is therefore clear that in these conditions the army would move only to defend the integrity of French soil or of the honor of France. A man may be adventurous, but a country like France, profoundly civilized as it is and with a spirit of moderation and a soil so rich and fertile, has no incentive to adventure. Furthermore, the international situation of France after her victory is such that there is no longer an offense to avenge or territory to recover. She has every interest to live peacefully in order to assure her prosperity. "France," said Marshal Foch, "is a land of order which desires to live in order."

The Week's Reading

(Continued from Page 667)

the narrow-minded people of her own sect reluctantly yielding ground to the newcomers. She herself remains a symbol of sanity and tolerance. As a girl she makes friends with the daughter of a French harlot and, because her mother is too puritanical even to warn her, she is almost led into childish sin. Her mother is a timid religious woman who is suspicious of her daughter's radiant nature. The girl insists on changing her name from Mary to Merry despite her mother's grimaces. But her pagan longing for happiness is starved until, as a middle-aged Nora, she leaves her brutal husband and son and goes "down East." There is a sunny vitality about this book that is heartening. It has an intoxicating cleanliness and freshness for all the sordidness of its subject. Merry is a character that all of us have dreamed of being and Mrs. Brown has endowed her with a fiery verisimilitude.

North of Suez by William McFee (Doubleday, Doran $2.50) is a competent novel about intrigue in Port Said during the War. Situated at the north of the Suez Canal, it was, for the British, "the cross-roads of the world." The hero, Stephan, is a naval officer warring almost single-handed against the intrigues of the Levantines. The author has given a picture of the complex interplay of various racial groups in the Near East all trying by underhand tactics to get their place in the economic and political run. Stephan is at first horrified by their willingness to use the War as a lever to gain these ends but begins to sympathize with them when he sees how stupidly opposed to local autonomy are the bureaucrats that his own country has foisted on Egypt. Stephan's intrigue with a native woman is a little too vividly depicted for readers with imagination. It smacks a little too much of movie close-ups. The ending of the story while conceivable has a farcical similarity to that of the ballad in which the "boy stood on the burning deck." Stephan dies like the hero of that poem in a single-handed attempt to dump overboard all the ammunition on a burning ship before it explodes and does damage to the town. It is peculiarly unfortunate that this should happen just after Stephan drops the native woman and effects a reconciliation with his rather difficult wife.—F. L. R.

Humanism: A New Religion by Charles Francis Potter: Simon & Schuster, published this week, will be reviewed later by Edmund B. Chaffee.

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Help Wanted

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Help Wanted

SMALL exclusive institution near New York requires competent young graduate nurse-secretary. 9422 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

YOUNG woman, Protestant American, experienced private secretary, housekeeper, also hotel, tea and gift shop experience. Can drive car—position for summer or permanent. 9408 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION—home supervisor, graduate nurse, high type woman, socially correct, efficient with gentleman or motherless home, modest, travel, references. 9397 Outlook and Independent.

LADY, college graduate, with teaching, newspaper, and executive experience, desires paying position for travel abroad this summer. 9415 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

YALE Senior, going to Medical School next fall, desires job this summer. Experienced as tutor, but will consider anything. 9416 Outlook and Independent.

DARTMOUTH College Junior willing to serve as chauffeur, typist, tutor, or companion in return for expenses to EUROPE. 9417 Outlook and Independent.

DARTMOUTH Senior will act as tutor or companion, or perform other services for expenses on European tour. 9379 Outlook and Independent.

PRINCETON graduate and instructor at Peddie desires summer position as tutor or traveling companion. Newspaper experience. Highest references. 9419 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION—home supervisor. Will travel—excellent references. 9420 Outlook and Independent.

HOUSEKEEPER, New England woman. Capable, pleasant personality. Excellent references. 9421 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG lady, college graduate and teacher, wishes employment for summer as companion or tutor. References. Miss B., Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION to lady, semi-invalid or young girl, by capable, cultured Englishwoman; experienced traveller. Drives car, etc. Excellent references. 9424 Outlook and Independent.

PRIVATE nurse, Swiss, for children or as companion. Good references. Speaks French, English and German. 9425 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION, nurse to convalescent lady, experienced, helpful in home, housekeeping, by responsible, active Protestant, traveled. New York suburbs. 9426 Outlook and Independent.

EXECUTIVE housekeeper, experienced, desires position in a club, school, or home where there are children. References exchanged. 9427 Outlook and Independent.

REGISTERED NURSE experienced in care of children wishes position as superintendent of orphan asylum, convalescent home preventorium or kindergarten. Highest references. 9427 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG lady: college graduate, experienced teacher, speaks French, wants position as companion to lady or as tutor. 9428 Outlook and Independent.

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With Our Readers

Fooling with Disarmament

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Hicksville, Ohio*

DEAR SIR:

Certain savages have a custom called the "Couvade." The Couvade is practised by letting Ma shift for herself at the time of childbirth while Pa is carefully put to bed and nursed like a sick person. Mr. Henry Kittredge Norton works on this same principle in his article "Birth Control or War." He tells us that Japan, and other overcrowded nations, must limit their population or they will have to lick some one and make them take the surplus. But Mr. Norton publishes this in the United States where admittedly we have more elbow room. Could he get his birth control essay published in Japan? Aside from all moral issues, what is the use of scolding in America for social conditions in Japan?

If what Mr. Norton tells us is true the only thing for Uncle Sam to do is to quit fooling with disarmament conferences and build a whopping big Navy and Air Force. We cannot control Japan's population but with good preparation we can keep it from ever bothering us.

BEN P. EDGERTON

Not So Flaming Youth

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

DEAR SIR:

I read K. Kennedy's article, "Our Moral Young People," with great interest and amazement because the letters she receives are of such an entirely different trend from what I get.

I get from two hundred to one thousand letters a day; many of them are written by young people all over the United States, and they go into the matter of sex with a frankness that would bring a blush to the cheeks of Mr. Freud. The questions they ask me seldom deal with conventions. They deal with drink, and what we used to consider the major matters of morality, and there is nothing smug about the writers. They are desperate, so it heartens me to know that there is a class of flaming youth that isn't so flaming after all.

DOROTHY DIX

A Gullible Audience

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Erie, Pa.*

DEAR SIR:

I have been reading "The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief" by John Coffey. Are we to take it at its face value or in a naïve belief that the "Ex" grants absolution for reciting all the trash that may be heaped together to form this man's life? One must have no self respect or must be totally ignorant of the better things of life who can write such stuff about himself and his immediate family. Anonymity has the grace of shame for one's own kin.

If it be written as a warning to the young, I doubt, as many careful parents do, the wisdom of filling the child's mind with visions of easily gotten splendor and wealth, adding the caution, "Don't try it!" The punishment that follows this rather clumsy shoplifter registers no more on the child's mind than the idea that he will be old some day.

But what "burns me up" is the extolling of the prodigal at his return to the father's house from the far country. Finally worn out, he becomes an "Ex"-this-or-that, and at the same time an authority on "Crime," "Godliness," or what you will. I feel that we, the elder brothers, who have kept the home fires burning and have supported this prodigal; have put up the money to prosecute him; and, in many cases, to defend him; provide him with luxuries and comforts during his prison term or face the further annoyance of prison riots; who, in our own person and that of our police officers, are victims of his murderous attacks; . . . to whom he comes arrogantly boasting of his "rights" when arrested; to whom he comes cringing like a cur when "reformed" or condemned; to whom he condescendingly sells his manuscripts showing his clever blunders—I feel we ought to assert ourselves and cease providing a gullible audience for the boasting of those who stand convicted, by their own words, of colossal stupidity. We ought to strip crime of its glamor and let it stand forth in all its rottenness; slay that bug-a-boo of "honor among thieves;" and, above all, do away with the petty graft of "reformed crooks" who levy tribute for telling how bad they once were. Had we the contempt for crime and the criminal that he has for us, we would pay very little to hear his tale.

If he has truly and earnestly repented, I doubt very much if he would be able to force himself to disgorge the nauseous details. He would emulate St. Paul and simply and sorrowfully say: "I was the chief of sinners."

CLYDE A. MERRILEES

The Stream of Business

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Pendleton*

DEAR SIR:

We just want to comment on the new page appearing in the Outlook entitled "The Stream of Business." This page is read with much interest by at least four in our office each time it appears.

Just thought that you might like to know that this page is appreciated.

L. H. HAMLEY

Repeal the Volstead Act

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

DEAR SIR:

. . . I am very glad that you are beginning a fight on prohibition. I feel that I ought to say that you make a great mistake to talk about repealing the Eighteenth Amendment. It will take fifty years to accomplish any such result. The Eighteenth Amendment has nothing to do with the situation except to authorize Congress to act. It is not and cannot be self executing. The Volstead Act was passed under the authority of the Amendment. All that is necessary is to repeal the Volstead Act.

This will be much easier under the coming reapportionment. I think it can be brought about within five or six years, but if it can, prohibition will be dead long before that date. I hope you will look into this matter closely. There is no doubt about my position being sound. Suppose you ask Hon. James W. Beck.

CLARENCE DARROW

Eliminating the Bootlegger

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New Orleans*

DEAR SIR:

I read with considerable amusement a letter from one of your readers published in a recent number, accusing you of having sold out to the so-called "liquor interests." How archaic! The "liquor interests" of pre-prohibition days are all earnestly engaged in earning an honorable living, legally. The only liquor interests at present are the bootleggers and scum of the earth that are making the often fatally poisonous stuff sold in the U. S. since the advent of prohibition. It is these bootleggers, and criminals of the vilest sort, that are pouring money into the coffers of those who are doing their utmost to preserve prohibition. They realize that once the American people come to their senses there will be an overwhelming majority in favor of legalized sale of liquor, and it will be liquor made under the authority of Uncle Sam, therefore non-poisonous. Then, pray, what will become of the bootleggers? They are bound to be the driest of the dry until the last. They are making millions now, and will continue to do so, undermining the health of millions of Americans with the stuff they sell, just as long as prohibition exists. Repeal the prohibition law and the host of illegal manufacturers and vendors will have to do some honest work or starve. Some might well be used in the legal manufacture after the repeal.

JESSICA JEFFS

Good Natured Disagreement

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Plain City, Ohio*

DEAR SIR:

I have not always agreed with the policy of the Outlook, but think that a lot of times I am kept on edge in my own thought by this difference of opinion . . . It takes a lot of nerve for an editor to tackle the prohibition problem. It must be like throwing subscription dollars out of the window. As a "dry" I admire your stand. You haven't made me mad a bit.

JESSE HOWLAND

Youth and Crabbed Age

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Detroit*

DEAR SIR:

Have you noticed that those people testifying in favor of prohibition before the Congressional Committee are all people of rather advancing years; say the shady side of sixty? Of course, I except those whose salaries, or positions are cared for by the Anti Saloon League; the latter are mere hirelings whose opinions are no longer free.

This means that these "witnesses," having reached the age when wine no longer cheers them, wish to force others to share their misery. Poor Stagg, star witness; poor Mr. Ford, sixty odd, and full of fears; poor Edison, well on the windy side of eighty; I myself am of your crew, so far as mere years are concerned, but God forbid that I should join your crusade against the joys of youth.

It is the old struggle between youth and crabbed age, the old desire to bind fast the younger generation, though a dead hand must stretch forth from the grave to compass it. Give over, O friends of my better days, give over; it may be that the young and strong know even more than we do—now.

MAYNARD D. FOLLIN

How Dry I Am

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Big Rapids, Mich.*

DEAR SIR:

. . . The noted men who sit in editor and professor chairs know about as much about the failure of the Eighteenth Amendment as do many other boozers who are trying to black-eye prohibition. Prohibition is so well enforced in fact that the booze element who are fighting find booze so hard to procure as to raise their ire. They belie themselves. The people who logically would make a howl are the ones who put the Eighteenth Amendment in the constitution. The fact that none of them criticize prohibition is the strongest proof of its effectiveness . . .

J. A. FRANCES

From a Minister

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Floral Park, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR:

. . . I wish there were some way by which New York and Chicago and like places could be surrounded by a high wall and all the people who want their booze be persuaded to move in, while all the people who want to see this country free from the damnable liquor traffic could be persuaded to move out. Then I would like the stream of booze turned into these cities so that all who lived there could reap the full harvest of their thirst for alcohol. They are the ones that want it and they should reap the full fruit of alcoholized brains and bodies.

You talk about the Eighteenth Amendment taking away the rights of the people. Why do you give so much consideration to the ultra-rich who want their booze and the foreigner who profits from their appetite and enriches himself at the expense of the rest of us? If the inhabitants of booze city could be made to wallow in their own mire and reap the results of their own debauches then I would say, "Let them go to it." But when their corruption is made to slop over on all the rest of us, I think it is high time that we were rising up and saying "to hell with the whole booze business." Hell is the only place for it. And here you are posing as a respectable paper joining yourself with these worshippers of Bacchus! What a spectacle for the once glorious Outlook and Independent, now dependent upon, and champion of, the great god, Booze. If you think that the friends of prohibition are going to let the Eighteenth Amendment and prohibition be dumped overboard without a fair trial, you have another "think" coming to you . . .

REV. EDGAR S. JACKSON

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